

The Sketch

No. 863.—Vol. LXVII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



OPEN-MOUTHED ASTONISHMENT: HIS FIRST SIGHT OF A TRAIN.

Our photograph shows a follower of the Emir of Bida (West Africa) cheering the first railway train he ever saw.

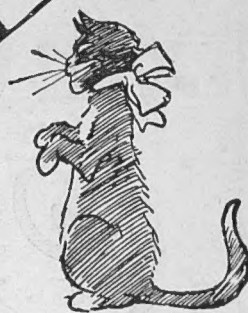
Photograph by E. R. Marphy.



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot")



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



PLEASE KEEP THIS.

[A little group of people, mostly vegetarians, are anxious to get rid of Mr. Redford, the Lord Chamberlain's Examiner of Plays. Mr. Redford has been naughty enough to refuse a license to thirty plays submitted during his term of office. During the same period, he has allowed six thousand nine hundred and seventy plays to be performed. In the opinion of the vegetarian world, however, the thirty banned plays would have saved the British Drama from the destruction to which the six thousand nine hundred and seventy performed plays have swept it. Clearly, then, Mr. Redford is a horrid man. In his stead, it is suggested that a Committee of Really Enlightened People shall be appointed. The following foolishness is an attempt to show you the Committee of Really Enlightened People at Work.]

MEMBERS OF PLAY-LICENSING COMMITTEE.

MR. AYE—A Dramatic Critic without a sense of humour.

MR. BEE—A Non-Commercial Dramatist (with a keen sense of "property").

MRS. BEE—A Lady with a very Important Soul.

LORD CEE—A Non-Commercial Peer (with heaps of money).

MR. DEE—An Amateur Dramatist (with a warped heart).

MR. EE—Another Amateur Dramatist (with a heart like a horseshoe).

MR. EFF—A Non-Commercial Socialist (doing very nicely).

MRS. EFF—A Silent Critic on the Hearth.

MR. GEE—A Person of no Pretensions (hopelessly out of place).

Secretary—MR. REDFORD.

MR. REDFORD. We have before us this morning, ladies and gentlemen, a comedy in three acts entitled—

MR. DEE. Oh, shut up, Redford! I've got something really important to talk about before we license anything.

MR. AYE. Especially a comedy.

ALL (save MR. GEE, in chorus). Yes, especially a comedy!

[MR. REDFORD subsides.

MR. DEE. What I want to know is this: how many seats are the members of the Licensing Committee entitled to on first nights? How many did you get, Redford, when you were in office?

ALL (save MR. GEE, fiercely). Yes, how many did you get, Redford?

MR. REDFORD. Well, sometimes one and sometimes two. It depended.

MR. EFF. So did you—on us.

[Shrieks of laughter. MR. AYE stuffs a handkerchief into his mouth and stamps about the room.

MR. EE. Depended upon what? Don't trifle with the time of the Committee as you did with the time of the Commission, Sir.

ALL (save MR. GEE). You hear that?

MR. REDFORD. It depended, I imagine, upon the size of the house and the advance booking. Of course, if—

MRS. BEE. What is "advance booking"?

MR. B. Never mind about it, my love. I'm only too sorry that the expression should have been used in your presence. I certainly think that Redford should apologise.

ALL (save MR. GEE). Yes, yes! Apologise!

MR. REDFORD. I'm very sorry. I thought I was using a very ordinary term.

LORD C. That's just it. We've got no use for your bally ordinary terms.

MR. EFF. Personally, I always demand extraordinary terms.

[Hurricanes of laughter. MR. AYE turns purple, and has to be patted on the back.

MR. DEE. Anyway, I think two ridiculous, and I have written Maude to that effect. Each of us, in my opinion, is entitled to six seats or a large box for each first night. Is that carried?

[Carried with one dissentient.

MR. DEE. Why didn't you vote for my motion, Gee?

MR. GEE. Because it seemed to me a little hard on the managers.

MR. EFF. Hobbledy-gee!

[Tornado of laughter, lasting seven and a quarter minutes by MR. REDFORD'S watch.

MR. REDFORD. Could we not get on to the business before the meeting now? I rather wanted to get away by—

LORD C. You're paid, old cock, aren't you?

MRS. BEE (taking advantage of sudden silence). What is paid?

MR. BEE (soothingly). Don't worry about it, my love. Something that you wouldn't understand—something ineffably coarse.

MR. REDFORD (gravely). I beg your pardon, my Lord. My time is quite at the disposal of the Committee.

MR. EE. What is this wonderful comedy that we have heard so much about? I thought we'd decided to give the public no more comedy for five years?

MR. AYE. Hear! Bravo! Hear!

MR. EFF. Except sociological comedy.

ALL, save MR. GEE (hastily). Oh, of course, of course.

MR. REDFORD. If I may venture to say so, this particular play seems to me one of the best pieces of work I have ever read.

MR. EFF. That damns it.

[Whirlwinds of laughter. MR. AYE, in sheer glee, dashes his head against the mantelpiece.

MR. GEE. I also have read the play.

MR. DEE. So have I.

MR. EE. So have I.

MR. AYE. I, too.

MR. BEE. Well, let us have your opinions.

MR. GEE. I thought it quite charming—well-constructed, fresh, the characterisation excellent. Just the sort of play that should give enormous pleasure to thousands of people.

MRS. BEE (prettily). Does that matter?

MR. BEE. No, my love, not a bit.

MR. DEE. I failed to find the least merit in it. As for the idea, I have treated it myself—of course, from the literary point of view.

MR. EE. The whole thing is poor. The theme is worthy of the attention of a first-class writer, however. I have made a note of it.

MR. AYE. In my opinion, the main fault of the play is its lack of humour. If we licensed it, I fear, the better class of playgoer—the few playgoers with brains, you know—might question our own possession of a sense of humour.

MRS. BEE. Pardon my asking, but are there any people with brains outside our own little circle?

MR. EFF. Only Redford.

[Meeting dissolved in laughter.

MR. BEE (confidentially to Mr. AYE). I want to tell you about my new play.

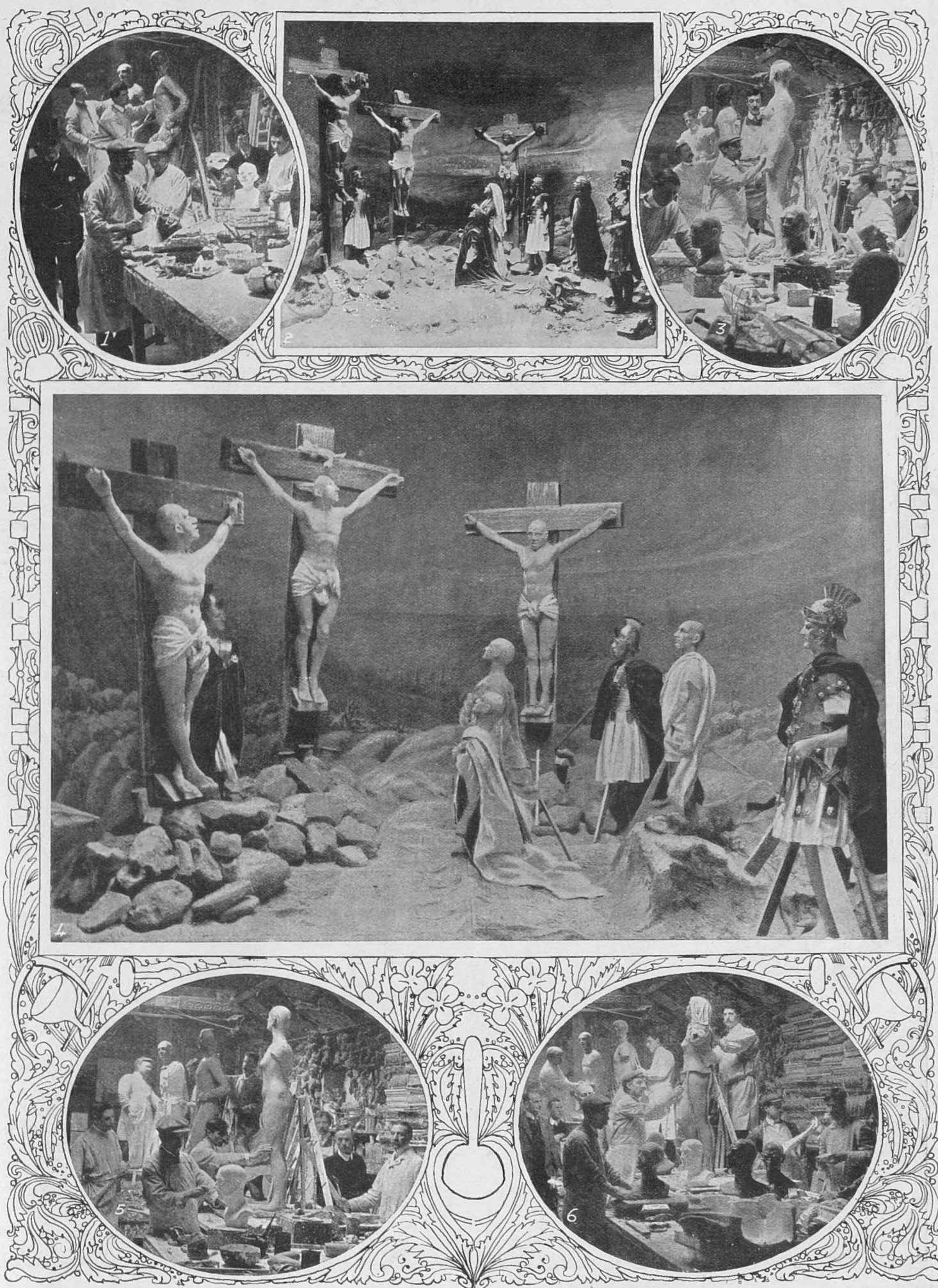
MR. AYE. Do—do! Let me make my luncheon off it!

MRS. BEE. I'm sure you'll worship it! The theme is the sheerest thing! So gorgeously exotic!

MR. BEE. I don't want Eff to hear. . . . Well, you know, they have discovered a new disease somewhere in Iceland, and—

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2. THE SCENE OF "THE CRUCIFIXION."

3. MODELLING FIGURES.

4. THE SCENE OF "THE CRUCIFIXION" IN AN UNFINISHED STATE.

5. FINAL TOUCHES BEFORE THE DRAPING.

6. BEGINNING TO DRAPE A FIGURE.

Some time in November Mr. Louis Tussaud will show at the Albert Hall thirty-seven wax tableaux illustrating the life of Christ. The tableaux, as a whole, will weigh forty-eight tons, and will cost some £30,000. Six of them are now ready. After having been exhibited in London, they will be taken for a three-years' tour of England, and will then be sent to the Continent and to America. Thirty-seven trucks will be needed for the conveyance of figures and scenery. To facilitate transport the heads and arms of the figures will be removable, and the scenery will be in sections. Each portion of the figures and each piece of scenery will be numbered, so that the whole can be put together very quickly.

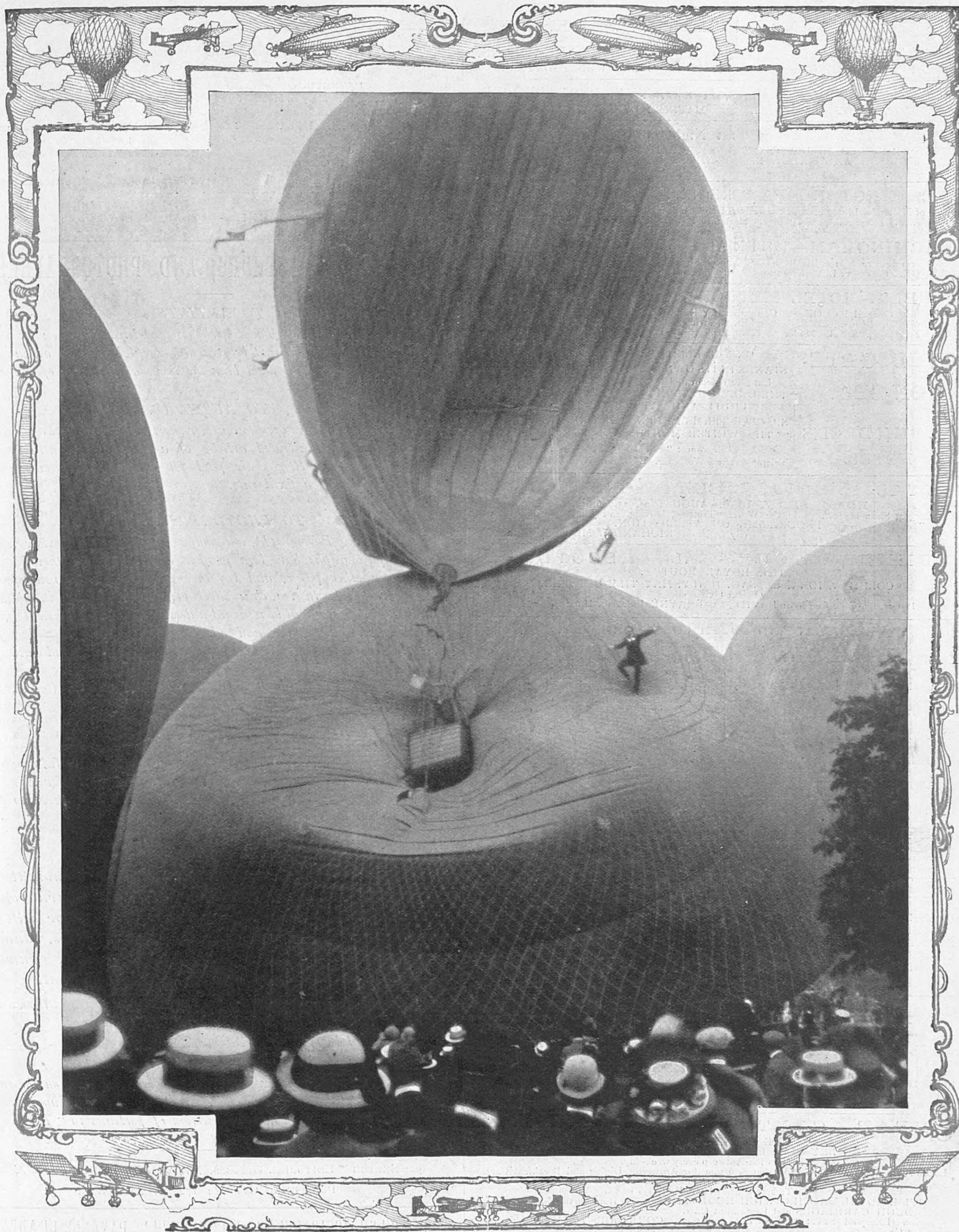
THE SEASIDE IN LONDON : PADDLING IN BISHOP'S PARK, FULHAM.



SEASIDE JOYS IN THE HEART OF LONDON : WATER AND SAND FOR THE CHILDREN.

Those little Londoners who see the sea only upon the occasion of a rare treat have an excellent substitute for the "beach" in Bishop's Park, Fulham, where both water and sand are provided for them. With particular reference to our photographs, it may be said that the boy with the boots slung round his neck is official "boot-minder" for a number of his comrades.

THE "STREET" ACCIDENT OF THE FUTURE: A BALLOON COLLISION.



JUMPING FROM A BALLOON ON TO A BALLOON: THE "COSMOS" ON THE "BUSLEY," SHOWING ONE OF THE AERONAUTS ABOUT TO CLIMB DOWN THE NETTING.

This remarkable accident, typical, perhaps, of the dangers that will await us in the "streets" of the air in the near future, occurred recently. The balloon "Cosmos," released before the order to start had been given, rose rapidly, struck the sharp wing of a figure of Victory, was rent by this, and fell upon the balloon "Busley," which was about to start. The anchor of the falling balloon pierced the envelope of the balloon on which it fell. As a result, the gas from the lower balloon escaped at a terrific rate, to the great danger of the occupants of the car of the "Cosmos." Two of the four people in the car jumped out on to the "Busley," and climbed down the netting to safety. The other two, less fortunate, were half suffocated.

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TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Sixty-six (from April 14 to July 7, 1909) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

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TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.

Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.

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Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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BRUMMELL

IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

Paris. Ah!

I said I would, and I have. What? And if that is not in

itself a feat, find one. Generally, when I say I

will I don't, as I very much hate puttin' myself into the position of bein' able to buck over the poor devil commonly known as man.

What I mean is that I'm in Paris—but not alone. Gently, gently! How the mind runs on. Why should it always run on quicker at the mere mention of the word Paris, which is, and I know it well, really one of the simplest, blandest, most flagrantly innocent places on earth? That pæan over, that outburst of undisguised eloquence at an end, I've got somethin' to say about sea-sickness. What? Well, never have it. It's gone out with the turquoise sleeve-link. Whenever I cross any streak of water, however small, when losing one land-line you can't see another, I fly to a small box which contains six smaller bottles, in each one of which—b'Jove and b'George, ain't I a grammarian? ain't I makin' strides as a literary gent?—there is peace, a good cigar, and self-respect. I crossed with the mob, the Bank Holiday mob, the most unpleasant type of mob there is. It was a penance; but my man, my angel, my fidus Achates, had broken down under the stress of the season and the continuance of cyclones—he is a high-strung person and is naturally an artist, bein' a valet and my valet—and he suddenly announced his intention of undergoin' a rest-cure at Margate, which is somewhere or other on the coast. Dreadin' chaos and loneliness, I could not but—that's hot—disappear too. It was rather painful, but when one got used to the third-class mother feeding her child in a first-class carriage from Calais to Paris, it had its amusin' side.

Sounds and Smells. Usually I have arrived in Paris in the daylight. This time, however, the light gradually faded as the train left behind it the lyin' hay, the long lines of poplars all bendin' the same way, the Normandy pigs nosin' among the little woods, and the blue notice-boards of Thé Lipton and Sapolio Savon that picked out the landscape, and came upon Paris a mass of electric lights beneath the search-light of the Tour Eiffel. The enormous station was even more filled than usual with the stench of smoke, the delightful colours of the uniforms of gendarme and *pioupiou*, and the beautiful washed-out blue of the ubiquitous *rouleurs*. Once out of the station, the old familiar, peculiar, irresistible, deafening characteristic noises of Paris rose from all sides—the rusty iron sounds of the steam-bus which is nothing but a train, the insistent bell of the electric tram-car, the rattle of the motor-bus, the hoarse hooting of the innumerable taxi, the jangling cow-bell of the mere cab, and over all and by all the many-toned motor-horn. As usual the giddy bicyclist, both male and female, in the usual costume, carrying the usual lighted lantern, ignored death and disaster. The usual crowd sat at the usual little tables,

under the usual cafés and taverns, and the expensively dressed usual lady tripped with the usual exposure of ankles in her usual places, subsidised, according to my way of thinking, by the French Government, whose motto is *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*.

Life and the Quartier.

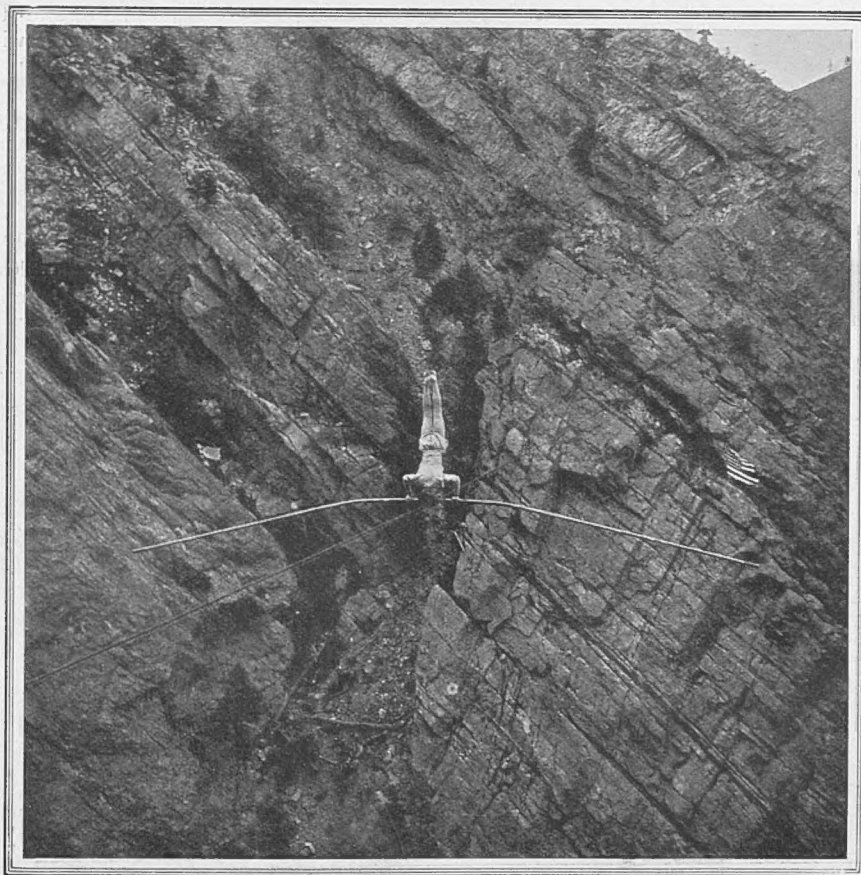
I have implied that I was not alone. Young Oxford was with me, with eyes skinned—young Oxford in the person of my brother, to whom Paris was a place of expectation, to whom there was a mystery, a delightful mystery, behind the white, beflowered curtains which hung over every window, especially when the dirty-white jalousies were fastened back. Having read "Trilby," and numbering among his set several American Rhodes scholars, he was all for life with a big "L" as against comfort with a small but expensive "c." He had erected one eyebrow at the word "Ritz," and dismissed the Grand Hotel, the Meurice, and those other caravan-serais where English is spoken, with a slight wave of the hand. His soul leaned towards Le Quartier, the Boule Miché, the gardens of the Luxembourg, the Quatz' Arts, the Bullier, the Moulin Rouge, and all those other Du Maurier spots where life, again with a big "L," is lived in dirty collars, uncut hair, baggy breeches, a yard of boots, and La P'tite Mignonette. Accordingly, I gave myself up to Life, and find myself in the Quartier l'Odéon, and I look out from my windows upon three sides of a square, upon seven flights of windows, behind each one of which there is history being made of sorts, and as I write this—hungering for déjeuner—I hear the insistent sound of water from a tap in the stone courtyard, peopled with pots of heart's-tongue and laurel, the sharp noise of hoofs on cobble-

stones, and the weary notes of a piano, upon which a little girl, still wearing a peignoir over long grey legs, is playing exercises with one finger. At other windows, in various costumes, some of them rather careless, domestic scenes are being enacted—bedding being hung over the window-railing, the latest movements of Blériot being eagerly devoured by elderly matrons with a *déagé* arrangement of hair, a young woman busily polishing the parquet floor with her feet, and an American student leaning out of his window on the look-out for scenes even more domestic than these. Paris is empty. All its 'buses, trams, penny steam-boats, taxi-cabs and auto-taxis are filled with people. Its wide, long, similar streets seethe with humanity. But Paris is empty. Its fashionable theatres are closed until September, minor "stars" flicker at the Opera, the Salon is a thing of the past, and above its tall white buildings, all jalousied, all covered with "*Dé-fense d'afficher*," a leaden sky hangs despondently. Nevertheless, there is Life in the town, and young Oxford pines to make its acquaintance. What?



A MONKEY ON A ROPE: A TRAPEZE-ARTIST BY BIRTH.

Photograph by Topical.



"MONKEYING" ON A ROPE: IVY BALDWIN STANDING ON HER HEAD ON A TIGHT ROPE AT ELDORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO.

Miss Baldwin, the famous tight-rope walker, is here shown performing one of the most daring of her many daring feats.—[Photograph by Keystone View Co.]



THE CLUBMAN

The King at Cowes.

At Cowes, the safety our King enjoys, both because of his own kindly personality and because he is the most constitutional of all monarchs, was

brought home very clearly to all the people who were in the little town in the Isle of Wight or who lay in the bay aboard of their yachts. Our King arrived in Cowes on the Saturday before the Week, reviewed the fleet as the Lord High Admiral, then broke his flag at the masthead of the cutter *Britannia* and was saluted by the popguns outside Cowes Castle as the premier yachtsman in the kingdom, and became for the time being just a gentleman among gentlemen, unguarded except by those silent men who are always amongst the crowds, and who are responsible that no madman makes a scene or interferes with his Majesty's comfort.

The Tsar at Cowes.

The Tsar came sailing in from the east, and his yacht, lying almost alongside that of our King, became at once a castle on the water. The King's yacht was just as accessible as any of his Majesty's palaces are, and any people having business on board or calling to write their names in the visiting-books were not in any way challenged. Round the Tsar's yacht by day and night lay a cordon of boats—specks on the shining water—and no boat, not even a boat from our King's yacht, could pierce that ring without giving the password and establishing the identity of everybody on the boat. No prisoner was ever guarded so carefully as the country's guest was. It was not considered safe that the Tsar should dine at the Squadron Club, for the public path runs just under its windows, and for that reason our King invited the members to dine with him on board the *Victoria and Albert* instead of dining amongst them at the Castle. "I wonder the Tsar does not die of ennui," a lady remarked, looking at the Russian yacht with its black-topped funnels; and, contrasting the freedom of our Sovereign and the forced imprisonment of the ruler of All the Russias, one felt that the imperial crown of the North must bring a terrible weariness to its wearer.

Two Sham Detectives.

There was a humorous side to the very elaborate preparations which had been taken to secure the Tsar's safety. The people on land saw a possible detective in every respectable man with whose face they were not acquainted, and any foreigner whose coat was threadbare was given a wide berth, for he might be a Nihilist with a bomb tucked away in his armpit—the favourite mode, I believe, of carrying such dangerous merchandise.

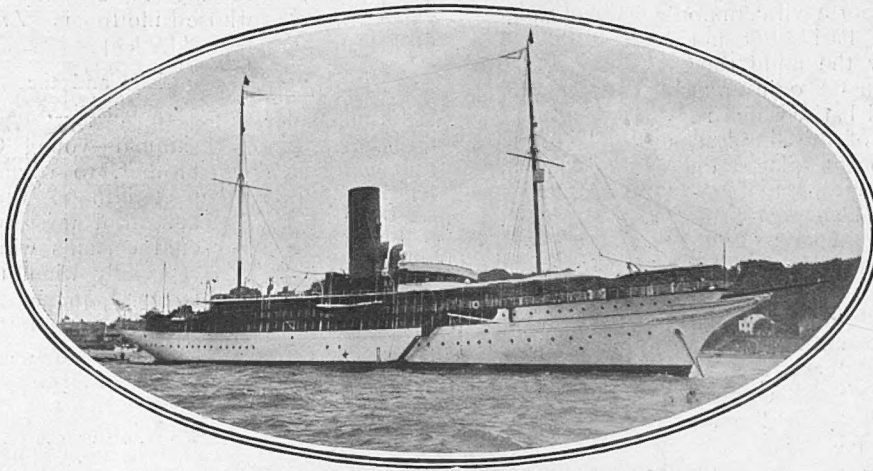
Two little men down from London for the day amused themselves vastly. They had yachting-caps on, with badges of gold and rainbow colours; they wore patent-leather shoes, large

enamelled burgee-pins were in their ties, and the white slips showing above their waistcoats were of abnormal width. They were pointed out to me as detectives, and when I doubted the fact, my informant told me to go and stand near them and listen to their conversation. I did. It was as good as any music-hall "patter." The two little Cockneys pretending to be Secret Service men were telling each other bloodcurdling tales for the benefit of anyone who stood by. They had fifty Nihilists locked up in the cellars of one of the hotels; two had stabbed themselves sooner than fall into their hands, and they were just off to capture a submarine boat

with which an attempt was intended to be made to torpedo the Tsar's yacht. I've no doubt those two little men in the yachting suits had a very amusing afternoon.

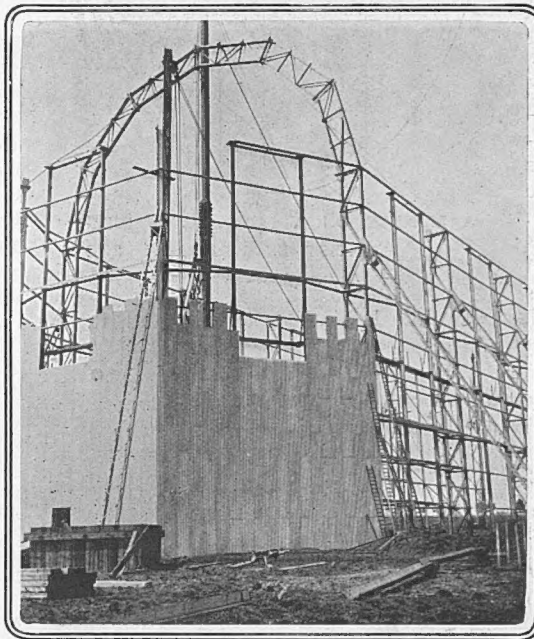
The Real Detectives.

There were plenty of the real detectives about, but they did not wear patent-leather shoes or gorgeous pins. One of the reasons why all our landing arrangements are just as primitive as they were in the days of King Alfred is that the police at the seaports find that a narrow gangway gives them an opportunity of looking at the face of each traveller as he or she struggles along the narrow path of wood with its containing rails. The quiet men who are never quite in the foreground and never stare at anyone, but who take note of everybody who lands from the mail steamers at the English and French ports, were, most of them, amongst the crowds on the Hard and watching the trippers coming off the Portsmouth and Southampton boats. I saw one man who has looked at me without recognition for many years at one of the French ports, leaning against the Castle wall near the landing-steps. He was apparently looking at the yachts in the harbour, but I have no doubt that he was really scanning the faces of the crowd who stood eight deep to see the ladies land, and was making sure that there were not amongst them any persons whose photographs he had in the Rogues' Gallery which every detective studies with such care. The real detective is always dressed in clothes which do not call any attention to him. His anxiety is to appear a person of no importance, and quite in harmony with his surroundings.

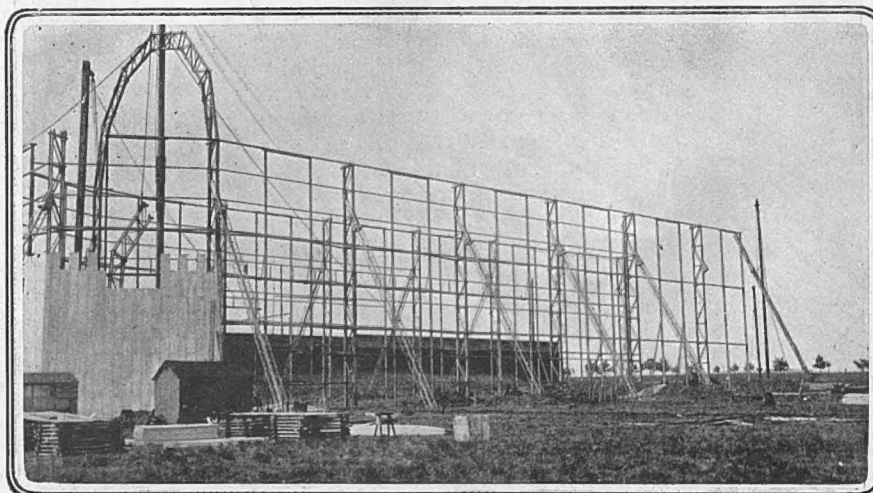


A FLOATING TELEGRAPH-STATION: THE YACHT "YOLANDA," WHICH IS FITTED WITH "WIRELESS."

The yacht belongs to Mr. M. F. Plant, of the U.S.A. Yacht Club. The "wireless" enables the owner to keep in touch with the money market. Such an installation costs from £500 to £2000, according to the range.—[Photograph by Critch.]



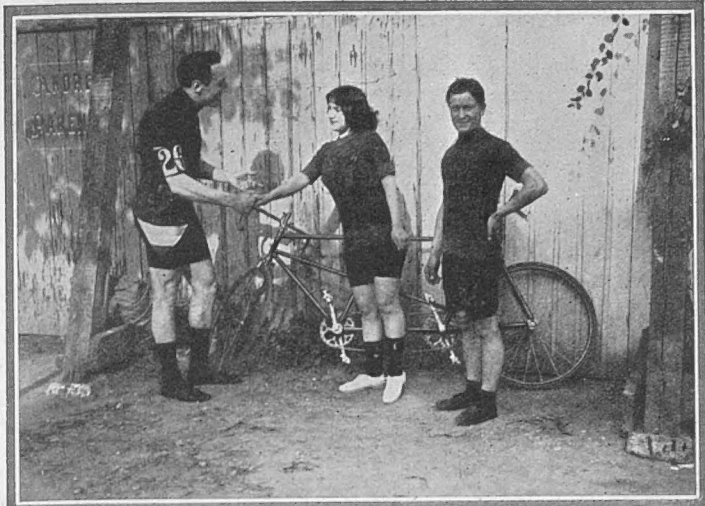
BUILDING A HOME FOR THE DIRIGIBLE THAT MAY BELONG TO BRITAIN: ERECTING THE GREAT GARAGE AT WORMWOOD SCRUBBS.



THE SKELETON OF BRITAIN'S FIRST DIRIGIBLE-BALLOON GARAGE: THE STRUCTURE IN COURSE OF ERECTION AT WORMWOOD SCRUBBS.

In view of the official declaration of this country's policy with regard to dirigible balloons and aeroplanes, considerable interest is being shown in the erection, at Wormwood Scrubbs, of the garage in which the visiting Clément-Bayard will be housed.—[Photographs by Halfones]

♣ ♣ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ♣ ♣



THE FAIREST CYCLIST OF THEM ALL: A PARISIAN ARTISTE ABOUT TO START ON A TANDEM RACE, AT THE FRENCH MUSIC-HALL SPORTS. Although lady cyclists are common enough on the roads, it is somewhat unusual to see one attired in racing dress.



CARRYING HIS FAMILY WITH HIM; AN INDIAN TAKING HIS CHILDREN WITH HIM FOR A DAYS' OUTING—HIS WIFE FOLLOWING HIM. The conveyance of children is often a problem to the parent on holiday intent. Here is a suggestion from India.



WEARING OLD-FASHIONED CLOTHES TO EARN A LEGACY; MRS. REILLY O'DONOHUE.

According to reports from America, Mrs. O'Donohue recently received a legacy of a million dollars on condition that she wears always clothes that were in fashion a considerable time ago.



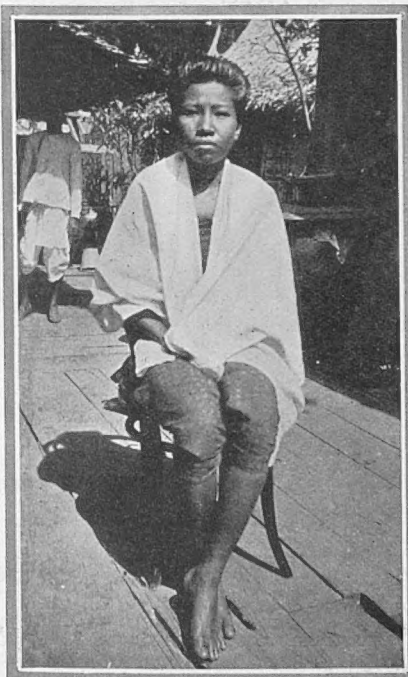
THE BEE-HIVE HAT IN KOREA.

What would be said if hats such as these made their appearance in this country, more especially if they were introduced at matinees? Then indeed those who sat behind them would have very just cause for complaint, if not for violence. In the photograph the women are holding the hats a little way from their heads.



MAKER OF A RECORD FLIGHT IN A DIRIGIBLE: MISS PIERPONT MORGAN.

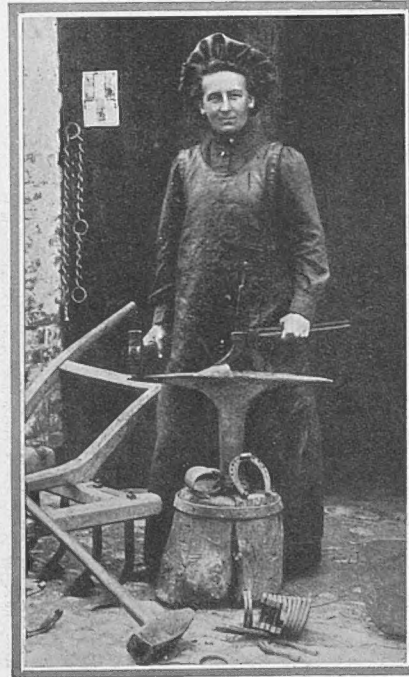
Miss Pierpont Morgan made a record flight in the dirigible "Ville de Nancy," sailing over Nancy. She was most pleased with her experience, and there is every likelihood that she will repeat it as soon as opportunity offers.



A "MIDINETTE" OF SIAM: A BELLE OF THE WORKING CLASS.



ON THE MOST IMPORTANT DAY OF HER LIFE: A JAVANESE BRIDE.



THE FIRST WOMAN SMITH: MLE. PAULINE SONNTAG, OF BULLENSTEDT.



TO MARRY MISS NELLIE LARNACH:
MR. GUY NEVILL, SON OF LORD AND
LADY GEORGE NEVILL.

It will be remembered that we gave a portrait of Miss Nellie Larnach in our last issue. Miss Larnach, by the way, is a niece of Lord Cork.

Photograph by Bassano.

cents laden with cares. Nor was he sorry, perhaps, that his guests refused to be dismal, the Duchess of Marlborough was there, and all her crosses are made of diamonds; Lord Hugh Cecil was there, and his name brings with it a comfortable reminder of that region of London from which the coffers of unprofitable Welbeck may well hope to be filled for many generations to come; and Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew and the Countess of Kerry were there, and several others who were much readier to prove the present pleasures of the Portland estate than to sigh over its, and the Budget's, passing.

The Daughters' Revolt.

It has been ventured as an opinion that the Prime Minister would long since have capitulated to the petitioning Suffragettes, had not feminine persistence at home buoyed up his courage against them. Imagine, then, the consternation of Downing Street had Miss Asquith really marched and been arrested, and had she starved in Holloway, all

SMALL TALK

THE Duke of Portland is very sincere when he speaks of the pleasure he and his wife derive from living at Welbeck. His hearers, knowing how loth he would be to lose his tenants—or his Abbey—were not too seriously alarmed; and as for the house-party entertained last week by the Duke and his charming Duchess, it is doubtful if all its members so much as knew that their host, apparently so light-hearted, had been speaking, officially, in ac-

on to the concert platform the humble, and sometimes stumbling reflection of Patti's gay and light-footed entries? But if Mr. Ganz has never quite learned Patti's run, he has learned from her the secret of youthfulness; his seventy-six years have told very lightly upon him, and when he is encountering the banter, or maybe the pats, of Patti, he looks almost as young as he must have done when he was the bridegroom's best man at her marriage with Signor Nicolini a fairly long time ago; and that, by the way, was the charming singer's second wedding.



ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR OF DEESIDE
HOSTESSES.

MRS. FARQUHARSON, OF INVERCAULD.

Before her marriage Mrs. Farquharson of Invercauld was Miss Zoë Musgrave. She is the daughter of Lady Brougham by her first marriage. Both Mr. and Mrs. Farquharson are much in the Court set, and constantly entertain, or are entertained by, the King and Queen.

Photograph by L'Estrange.

in order that she might petition her father! Yet that catastrophe is not far outside the bounds of possibility in an age of revolting daughters. Holloway, let her be warned, has more discomforts than hunger. Among the Suffragists recently confined, for instance, was the demure daughter of a clergyman. The prison chaplain—so, at least, the tale runs—on hearing of her parentage and having read her offence upon the card that hangs on the outside of the cell-door, reminded her how grieved her father must be at her line of conduct. "Indeed," said she, "he highly approves of what I did." "But he cannot approve of the reason for your committal," said her visitor. "Assuredly he does," she answered, and it was only the chaplain's consternation that led her to discover the prison name for her offence. "Using obscene language," ran the legend on the card.

The Accompanist-King.

Telegrams were showered upon Mr. and Mrs. Wilhelm Ganz during the celebration of their golden wedding last week, and at the garden-party one seemed to hear Patti's voice trilling amidst the talk. She was not really there; but it is impossible to look upon Mr. Ganz without her notes striking the inward ear of memory: his very attitudes suggest her; and who has not seen in Mr. Ganz's manner of running

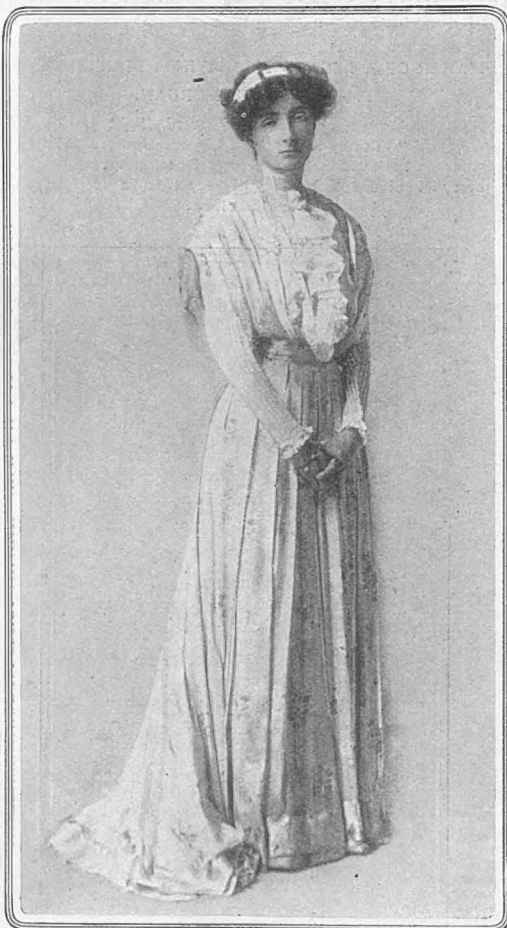


A TRAGEDY OF THE PEERAGE:
THE LATE HON. T. A. POWYS,
SON OF LORD LILFORD.

Master Powys, who was but thirteen, died under an anæsthetic while undergoing a minor operation.

Photograph by Speaight.

Splendid Dodging. Miss Mary Hoadly Dodge, in giving a fine example of Mr. Wilson Steer's landscape art to the nation, has done what officialdom should have done any time during the last ten years. But Miss Dodge must beware if she wants to retain her supposed secret. Rumour gives her a secret to keep, but if she takes to presenting pictures publicly to the English people, it may be doubted if it will be hers long. The secret is the bestowal of the "Duchess of Milan" £40,000. She, of course, is not the first to be accredited with it; it passed, to commence with, from a "Bristol merchant" to a "Bristol lady," and so on. Miss Dodge has not been able to shake herself free of the soft impeachment. Of all Americans, she is the most likely to have helped the National Gallery out of its difficulty; her mansion, one of the finest in London, within a kind of stately neighbourliness with Stafford House, is the testimony of her taste.



YOUNGER SISTER OF LADY GERARD: MISS GOSSELEIN.
Miss Gosselein's father was British Minister at Lisbon, and had a great reputation as a diplomatist. Miss Gosselein has been at all the smart balls of the season.—[*Photograph by L'Estrange.*]



NOTED IN LONDON SOCIETY: LADY HANSON.
Lady Hanson, wife of Alderman Sir Francis Stanhope Hanson, Sheriff of the City of London, is well known in London Society, both civic and otherwise.—[*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*]

SITTER FOR THE PICCADILLY CIRCUS FOUNTAIN FIGURE. THE MODEL MODEL: M. ANTONIO CORSI.



1. ALMA-TADEMA'S "A READING FROM HOMER," FOR THREE OF THE FIGURES IN WHICH ANTONIO CORSI SAT.
2. THE FAMOUS FIGURE ABOVE THE FOUNTAIN IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS, FOR WHICH ANTONIO CORSI POSED.

3. ANTONIO CORSI AS A RED INDIAN.
4. ANTONIO CORSI AS A CAVALIER.
5. ANTONIO CORSI.
6. ANTONIO CORSI AS A MONK.

Antonio Corsi is, perhaps, better known than any other male model of modern times, and can claim, indeed, to be the finest model in the world. He posed for the statue on the fountain at Piccadilly Circus; for the Princess Louise's Statue of Christ, now in St. Paul's; for 70 figures in Abbey's "Quest of the Holy Grail"; and as Sir Galahad for Watts. This to name but few of many poses that have made him world-known.—[See article on "The Woman About Town" page.]

CROWNS-CORONETS COURTIERS



MISS MARGARET ALINE MACDONALD MORETON, WHO IS TO MARRY MAJOR LEWIS FRANCIS PHILLIPS ON TUESDAY NEXT.

Miss Moreton is the fifth daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel A. H. Macdonald Moreton, late of the Coldstream Guards.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

leave on account of the death of Lady Sassoon, who was a daughter of Baron Gustave de Rothschild. The poignancy of grief for her death is increased rather than diminished by Mr. Sargent's astounding portrait. Her life seemed to be doubly ensured when one saw her in the presence of that

most animated likeness; and now that her vivacious presence no longer lends life to the canvas, it seems to have lost its sparkle, as pearls lose their lustre when the health of their wearer declines.

*Unlike Father,
Unlike Son.*

The Tsar was found, by those who remember him on his last visit to these shores, to be little altered, the cares of his most distressful throne having worn him physically not at all. But he still

received the visit of the King and Queen, and entertained her father's compatriots, the Duke and Duchess of Santona, was nevertheless disappointed not to meet again her god-daughter the Queen of Spain. The Empress shows a cheery

courage, rare at her years, in braving the fatigues of a Cowes season, for there is no perfectly comfortable anchorage off the Isle of Wight, the winds being apt to keep the exposed waters in a fairly constant state of fretfulness. Nor can the *Thistle* be called the most luxurious of yachts, for the Empress eschews the excesses of extravagance, and has always done so, in spite of what her many enemies have asserted. She herself has told that only thrice during her brilliant reign at the Tuileries did she order a gown of so much as forty pounds' value. But she is one of the most entertaining of hostesses; and her talk is as frank over the rattling tea-cup in her cabin as at her Farnborough tea-table, where, if the



MAJOR LEWIS FRANCIS PHILLIPS, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS MARGARET ALINE MACDONALD MORETON ON TUESDAY NEXT.

Major Phillips, of the King's Royal Rifles, is the youngest son of Mr. John William Phillips, of Heybridge, Staffordshire.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.



THE YOUNGER OF SIR WALTER GROVE'S SONS: MASTER WALTER PEEL GROVE.

Master Grove is related to many distinguished people. His maternal grandfather was the late General Lane Fox Pitt-Rivers, whose fame among scientists and scholars extended far beyond the borders of his own country.

Photograph by Lafayette.



ELDEST DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY ELCHO: THE HON. CYNTHIA CHARTERIS.

Miss Charteris is a good linguist, and an amateur actress of exceptional gifts. For outdoor recreation she indulges not only in various sports, but in gardening. Through her father, she is a granddaughter of the veteran Lord Wemyss.

Photograph by L'Estrange.

THE ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD "KING OF KINGS": SULTAN AHMED MIRZA, SHAH OF PERSIA.

The little Shah succeeded his father on the former's abdication the other day. He is not the eldest son of the ex-Shah, but was the heir-apparent, the mother of his elder brother not being a Kajar Princess.

Photograph by Bolak.

affords, in his slight person, a complete contrast to the extreme massiveness of his father. This massiveness, and an aspect of great muscular power, have been lately carved in stone by the Prince Troubetskoi—there are two brother artists of that name—who is a sculptor. The statue of the late Emperor has met with as much, and as unjust, criticism as Rodin's "Balzac," but the Prince, who is a personal friend of the Tsar, has not encountered any adverse comment from the one critic who must be counted as the best judge of Alexander's likeness—his son.

Imperial Caesar's The Empress Eugénie, present at Cowes with undimmed spirit in her yacht the *Thistle*, where she

tea is not spilt, the confidences overflow.

The Knight of the "Thistle." General Kelly-Kenny, whether he enlivens a mission into the East, as he did



OUR ROYAL VISITOR TO BE: KING MANUEL OF PORTUGAL KISSING CHILDREN WHO PRESENTED HIM WITH A BOUQUET.

The young King Manuel of Portugal, who succeeded to the throne of his father under such tragic conditions, has accepted the King's invitation to visit this country, and is likely to be here in the second week of November, although the date has not yet been officially fixed.

Photograph by Chusseau Flavien.

when he accompanied Prince Arthur of Connaught to Japan, or whether he hovers round the Irish coast in the *Thistle*, beguiling the tedious moments which lurk, like hungry stow-aways, on every yacht, proves himself the born boon companion. Like the Empress Eugénie, he is a Catholic; like her, he is on the best of terms with the royal family. But, in addition, he is particularly well equipped to be her guest—a position which naturally implies something subtly different from the ordinary footing of a hostess and her friends. Were we not afraid of compromising his loyalty to his King and his Service, we could name Sir Thomas the honorary Aide-de-Camp of a lady who has neither camp nor court nor courtiers of her own.

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JOHNNYETTE: VARYING THE MONOTONY OF MEN'S CLOTHES.



BETTER THAN PLUM-COLOURED FROCK-COAT AND WHITE HAT! Mlle. GABY DESLYS IN EVENING DRESS.

There is so much discussion at the moment as to the monotony of men's dress, so much talk of plum-coloured frock-coats and morning-coats, white hats, and evening dress-coats with coloured facings, that it is interesting to note the evening dress worn by Mlle. Deslys in a revue that is now running in Paris. It will be seen that Mlle. Deslys wears knee-breeches, a fashion a good many would like to see introduced into this country, arguing that on State occasions, when man is supposed to be at his best sartorially, knee-breeches are the order of the day.—[Photograph by Reutlinger.]



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Bigger Little
England.

Another injustice to Ireland! Certain improvements in drainage methods of treating sewage have enormously stimulated the growth of seaweed along part of her coast. Elsewhere it might be a marketable commodity, but poor Ireland finds it a nuisance, and has to pay scientists to perform

man. Somewhere there is preserved a pearl from the resultant collection. It included these matchless lines—

He marched without dread or fears
At the head of his bold grenadiers,
And what was remarkable—nay, very particular—
He climbed up rocks that were perpendicular.

But that is no more than was done by the Tyrolean climbers shown in last week's *Sketch*.

The Nimble
Ninepence.

The Territorials are doing very well, horses or no horses. It is a wonder that no one has scented a scheme to rob the poor Terrier of his mount in the operations of the honourable company of sausage-founders who transport our aged steeds to Antwerp. There is something sinister, surely, in the relatively high prices that they are paying. Of course, the papers say that the Belgian prices are really low, but they do not understand the military market price. It was one of our despatch-riders in the late war who let light into the secret. He rode into a small Boer town to have his horse shod. The blacksmith demanded fifteenpence for his work. "I never pay more than ninepence," said courier Tommy. "And I never take less than fifteenpence," said Vulcan. "All right, then, you can keep the blooming horse—he's only a remount," retorted the son of Britain.

It's Doggies as
Does it.

A man was killed last week by the back part of a motor-car, which skidded completely round when its driver tried to pull up to save him. It was a sad and dreadful accident, but one which might happen even without taxi-cabs cutting in and out of the traffic to make the way of other cars hard. Dogs are to-day among the greatest dangers which the motorist has to face. Every man who drives a car or rides in one knows it—knows how the brutes charge at his wheels, or double to and fro on the road regardless of horns, sirens, or other warnings. That being so, let there be commended to the grateful prayers of all motorists the action of a certain Oxford professor. He has been showing what a careful dog-owner may do with his beast. He has trained his tyke so thoroughly that it will not leave the pavement unless he bids it. No matter how inquisitive it may be rendered by the sight of one of its own kind, it will not quit the narrow way of security. The name and fame of that learned and wise man should be inscribed in letters of gold in the hall of every motorist's house, and the posterity of the dog, with its perfect discretion, should endure for ever.

HOW WAS IT DONE? A PUZZLE PHOTOGRAPH.

The man shown with his feet against the tree was not supported by wires, ropes, nails, or boards. How then did he manage to retain the position in which he is shown? The exposure was half a second; there is no double printing about the photograph; indeed, the plate was neither faked nor retouched in any way.

miracles and achieve the destruction of the seaweed. Demand and supply never do harmonise in the distressful country. In parts of England, where the sea is nibbling away the coast, they would be thankful for the seaweed which is a burden to Belfast. But we must not blame the weed; it is doing its little best here and there. Let the cry about coast-erosion be never so bitter, it remains a fact that England is close on 31,000 acres bigger to-day than she was five-and-twenty years ago. The law of the land allows us to navigate the sea and to fish from its shore; it is a moot point whether we do not break the law if we carry away an eyeful of sand on a windy day when so fishing. The Constitution says nothing about seaweed, but the landowner, who knows, *does*.

Precious Flotsam.

One man who would cry out against another's taking his weed is Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. He might discriminate, however; he would probably welcome the removal of one weed. That is a growth which attaches itself to stone, grows, fills itself with air, floats, and carries away stones as big as a man's fist. That is no good to his foreshore. The weed to which he is most indebted is a certain rice-grass. From this he reaps where he has not sown. A ship passing, some years ago, up from Southampton Water from the River Plate let slip, by some means, a quantity of the seeds of this grass. We may doubt the vitality of "mummy wheat," but there is no question as to the fertility of this. It fell upon muddy shores along Lord Montagu's estate. It struck and flourished below water. Raising its defiant head above the waters, it caught seaweed and increased its own power of resistance; it collected silt, and in time made his Lordship a present of a considerable quantity of mud-bank. Rare good soil that should prove when, in course of time, he is able to cultivate it.

We Seem to be
Improving.

The Salisbury statue has been unveiled, and—up to the time of writing—no one has written to the papers declaring the existence of errors in the inscription. It all seems to have been quite easy, too, which is a distinct improvement on old time. Wits and pens appear to have been sadly congested in Wolfe's time, for someone found it desirable to offer a prize for the best epitaph doing justice to the great



GODLEY BUKES, GRINDING STONES, AND WHALEBONE STAZE!
EXTRAORDINARY OLD SIGNBOARDS FROM CORNWALL.

It will be noticed that both dealers were more or less jacks-of-all-trades.—[Photograph by Raster.]



TREES TIED IN KNOTS: A RESULT OF STRENUOUS EARLY TRAINING.
The trees were tied in knots when they were saplings. They are to be seen at Arnside, Morecambe Bay.—[Photograph by Knowles.]

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MIXED MYTHOLOGY: CULLED FROM THE CLASSICS.



VIII.—DIOGENES IS VOUCHSAFED AN EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY OF TESTING HIS PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

Brothers. Would you expect two brothers who write to write like one another? On the whole, *à priori* I should not expect it. I should rather expect the brother who was second in the field to avoid the similitude with some care. I should think he would be less likely to say, "Tom makes a success of that sort of thing; it's absurd to suppose I can't do anything he can: let's have a shot," than to say: "I don't see why I shouldn't write books as well as Tom; it's absurd to suppose I can't do anything he can, but I don't want it to look like a sort of family trick—I shall strike out quite a different line." There is a spirit of dispute among all intellectually able people, and in the play of family intercourse, however affectionate, I should think it probable that a view of life, an attitude to the world, being held by one member, would induce a different view and attitude in another, at least so far as superficial expression went. The novels of Charles and Henry Kingsley are quite different in spirit—but I can imagine Charles driving anybody into opposition with his cheery optimism and certainties of conviction. I am putting the matter on trivial and low grounds, perhaps, but then, of course, the consideration is trivial altogether; your serious artist would not trouble himself about what his brother had done; I am speaking merely of the way the consideration would work out, in my opinion, if it arose in his mind at all. If we put that aside, the fact of brotherhood tells us nothing; some brothers are alike in mind, some are not; it depends upon which ancestor they throw back to, no doubt.

In the case of the Bensons, I do not suppose that any of them is influenced by his brothers' work, though I hope they have all the regard for each others' books which they would naturally like to have. But reading a novel by Father Hugh Benson for the first time, I regret to say, I was curious to observe if he recalled to me his brother, Mr. E. F. Benson, of whose works I have read a good many. Well, he did, distinctly. I pass over the habit of nice observation of manners and customs, for all novelists must have it more or less, and it is common enough. But both have, and express much in the same way, an evidently warm pleasure in observing youth, its agreeable, frank ways, the little ironies of its passions. It is this which makes Mr. Benson's young heroes and heroines—often so tiresome in novels—such pleasant company, and Father Benson has the quality to the full. His heroine is charming with her young intolerance of the uncomprehended, her jolly directness, no less than she is admirable in her courage and steadfastness. His satire is more serious in tone than his brother's, and perhaps bites deeper, but it is very like in manner of speech—

Mrs. Baxter was exceedingly absorbed just now in a new pious book of meditations, written by a clergyman. A nicely bound copy of it, which she had

ordered specially, had arrived by the parcels post that morning, and she had been sitting in the drawing-room ever since, looking through it and marking it with a small silver pencil. . . . She often wondered that Maggie did not seem to understand: of course she went to Mass every morning, dear girl; but religion surely was much more than that; one should be able to sit for two or three hours over a book in the drawing-room, before the fire, with a silver pencil.

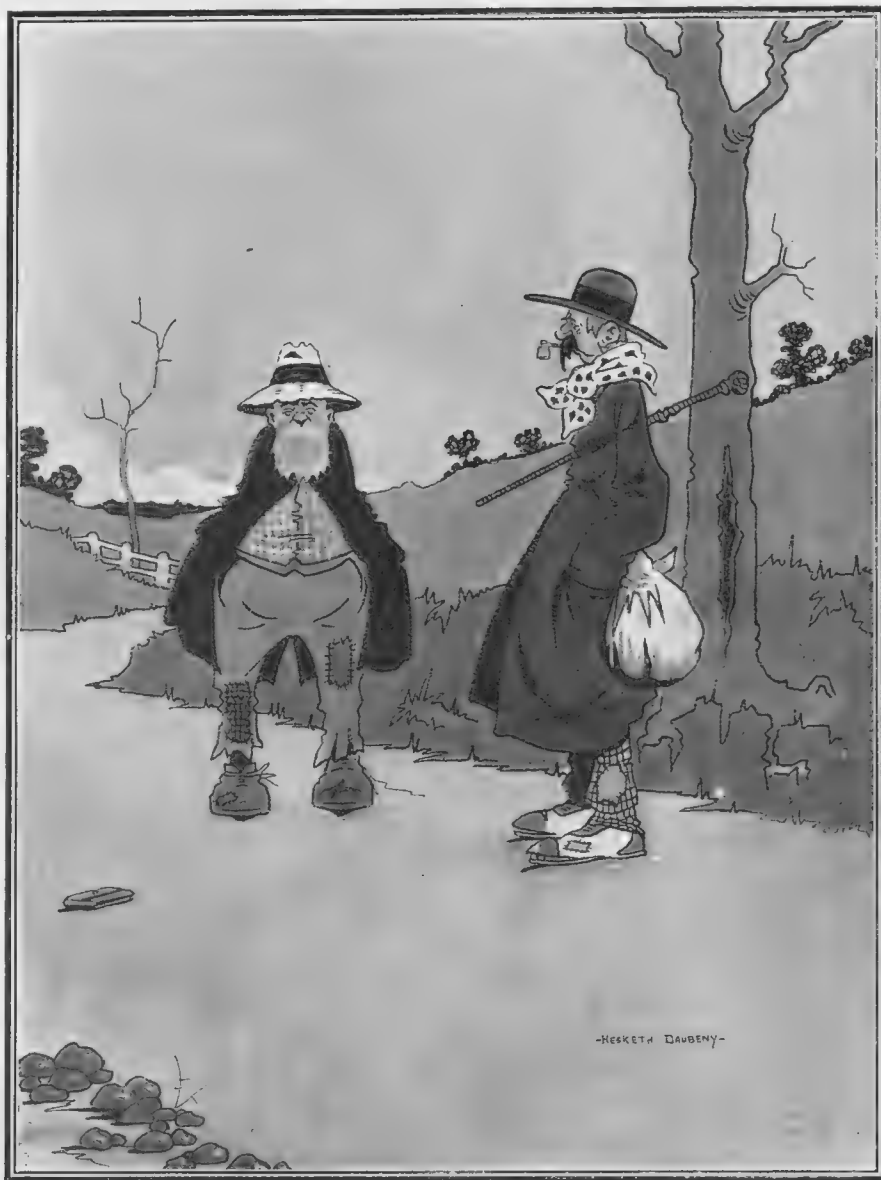
I don't often quote so freely—it is too easy a way of filling space—but the passage is typical and extremely good in itself. . . . Lastly, to judge by this book, "The Necromancers"

(Hutchinson and Co.), Father Benson shares some of his brother's attraction for the weird and unusual in human experiences and psychology.

"The Necromancers." We discussed some

time ago the criticism that the uncanny, the pathological, was not a proper subject for a novel, and we won't go over the ground again. I said I thought a novelist might take any theme he chose, within the limits of decency, and I stick to that. This novel is about the phenomena of spiritualism, and the effect of experimenting with them on the mind. It is a peculiarity that it should be written by a Catholic priest. I mean that such a one is bound by his profession not to leave the matter vague, to be taken in any way the reader sees fit. Father Benson puts the explanation into the mouth of another Catholic, but I am sure we may take it as his own. He excludes, of course, all the obvious humbug and trickery which surround these things, and having excluded them, finds certain facts and appearances left not explicable by ordinary reason. That he thinks them objective, not subjective, illusions is clearly shown by a chapter in which some cats, watching the window of the room in which the phenomena happen, are terrified out

of their fighting and flee; it is a remarkable chapter, extremely well written, and certainly piles on the horror. Well, the explanation, given by the Catholic who had once been mixed up in such things, is that evil spirits take the form of departed human beings, and are able, in some cases, to enter and poison the minds of those who loved those beings, and are affected by their supposed presence. I will not argue about this explanation or cavil at it—it is one like another; and if my own mind is so constituted that I cannot accept it, I cannot disprove it either. It follows, of course, that these spiritualistic practices, the séances and so forth, seem to the author impious, dangerous, and horrible, and he brings eloquence, a subtle power of describing states of mind, and all his satire and irony to boot, to the task of showing how impious, dangerous, and horrible they are. It is a remarkable book, and readers who "care for none of these things" may read it with great pleasure for its observation and humour.—N. O. I.



THE HEIGHT OF LAZINESS.

MOTIONLESS MIKE: 'Arry, d'yer see that 'ere purse?

IMMOVABLE 'ARRY: Yus.

MOTIONLESS MIKE: Ain't it just our luck ter 'ave our 'ands in our pockets?

DRAWN BY HESKETH DAUBENY.

A MISREADING OF THE SIGNS.



LITTLE ARTHUR (as he sees the many loafers sleeping on the grass): Gran'pa, has there been a Suffragette meeting here?

DRAWN BY HAWLEY MORGAN

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE STRANGE WOOING OF LORD WILDOTES.

By NINA BALMAINE.

Plas Balsam, Snowdon.

DEAR SIR,—Lord Wildotes met with a serious motor accident near this village yesterday, and I am attending him professionally. He has had slight concussion of the brain, two ribs are broken, and there are other injuries, which will make his removal impossible for about six weeks; and I fear he may be lame for the rest of his life.

I have engaged a most experienced nurse, and, if his Lordship will only be patient, he will soon be on the mend. A man of his mercurial temperament wants a lot of cheering up. It would be a great deal in his favour if you could correspond with him frequently, and interest him in some topic that will divert his mind from his injuries. He is inclined to be despondent, which doubles my difficulties. If you can stimulate his thoughts in the direction of hope and the joy of life, we shall both have reason to be indebted to you.

I gather that Lord Wildotes has not long passed his majority; that he is an orphan; and that you are his most intimate friend.

Yours very truly,

Adrian Hamilton, Esq.,
Birchington-on-Sea.

A. M. BROMYDD, F.R.C.S.

Sylvan Cottage, Birchington.

DEAR SIR,—I am extremely obliged for your letter, and heartily thankful that Lord Wildotes is in such excellent hands.

I will do my utmost to cheer him up and make his confinement less irksome by writing to him every day. Please wire me immediately should there be any change for the worse.

If I may venture to offer advice, I would particularly urge that no pretty woman be allowed to nurse him. He is the most susceptible youngster in the kingdom, and quite capable of anything in the Lord of Burleigh style of serio-comedy.

When he is well enough to travel, I will arrange for his passing the period of convalescence here.

Again thanking you for all you have done.—Yours very truly,
ADRIAN HAMILTON.

Dr. Bromydd.

Plas Taffydd, Snowdon, Wales.

DEAR HAMILTON,—I have had an awful smash: ran my motor full speed into a wall in this outlandish place. I have broken two or three ribs and sustained other fractures which cause excruciating agony when I move.

I am gasping this out to an amanuensis, who forbids me to say any more, as I must keep perfectly quiet for a few days.—Ever yours,
WILDOTES.

Sylvan Cottage, Birchington.

DEAR WILDOTES,—I am awfully sorry to hear of your mishap; but glad that Dr. Bromydd has no doubt about pulling you through.

I will come to you if you think I can do any good. I daresay you will call me a selfish beast for not having started the moment I got your letter. But there is a magnetic attraction for me here. I have taken the place for the season, though I only came down with the intention of stopping a month or so for the bathing.

I pitched my tent in a quiet, shady lane close to Quex Park. There is only one other house in view, and it has just been taken by the father of the sweetest brace of girls in England. I fancy the mother died recently, as they are in mourning. I do not know their name yet. The old chap walks moodily into Westgate twice a day. The daughters stay in the garden—a curious aggregation of apple-trees, cabbages, tulip-beds, and gooseberry-bushes. That is all I can see from the road.

I mean to place myself in the father's way and make friends. He is that indefinable thing, a gentleman. As for the girls, they are what you would call stunning. I wish you had a little poetry in your composition, so that I could unbosom myself about them.

Buck up, and I will write again in a few days.—Always yours,
ADRIAN HAMILTON.

Plas Taffydd, Snowdon.

DEAR HAMILTON,—You will have the goodness to write by return, giving me a detailed description of those fillies from face to fetlock. You ought to be on the visiting-list by this time. What a lucky beggar you are.

I am propped up in bed, staring at a Welsh mountain; a prospect that would depress a cat. Apropos, I borrowed a black kitten as a mascot and to keep me company. I can't hold a book, and dare not ask Matilda (my nurse) to read those I like. By Jove, I get more fun out of Nigger (the cat)! I believe the little beggar understands the rot I talk to him.

I say, is either of those girls dark? You know I distrust blondes—they are generally flirts or worse.

I mean to marry for love. Write by return.—Yours ever,
WILDOTES.

Sylvan Cottage, Birchington.

DEAR WILDOTES,—I pity you with only a Welsh mountain and a cat to console you. I am up to my neck in romance, though I have not spoken a word yet.

The father is Sir Richard Cleevering, the head of a very old family in the Midlands. One daughter is called Laura. She is tall, dark, and proudly handsome. A sort of Diana, you know, but with more danger in her blue eyes than in the arrows of the divine huntress. The other, Evaline, is *petite* and perilously Titian about the hair: it is not red—just an ameliorated auburn.

I, too, prefer dark girls. I am rather superstitious about red hair. Of course, it may only be the infernally obtrusive arm of coincidence, but if ever I go to wire a bet, and meet a Venetian maid on the way, it is a dead cert. that my horse will be beaten by a short head.

Hullo! I must run. They are all three coming out at the gate and heading straight for this shanty. Cheer up.—Always yours,
ADRIAN HAMILTON.

Plas Taffydd, Snowdon.

DEAR HAMILTON,—Do you want to send me raving mad? Whew! if I could only get at you!

I am in love with the dark girl already. The whole thing is so romantic that it appeals to me immensely. I have a good mind to chance it, and have myself carted off to Kent; but the doctor is awfully down on me if I show impatience. I was not cut out for an invalid, and Matilda was not cut out for my nurse. She is an austere, perpendicular woman, in the first bloom of her fiftieth year. I make her read the *Sportsman* to me out of sheer devilry. She hates it, and blushes as if she had broken the Ten Commandments in a bunch.

My chief recreation is watching the antics of Nigger. He is at this moment mentally handicapping himself against Matilda's canary, which hangs at the window. I have warned her that he is growing every day, and that she ought to make the bird roost higher; but she takes no notice. Write by return.—Always yours,
WILDOTES.

Sylvan Cottage, Birchington.

DEAR WILDOTES,—What a chap you are! I can't force myself on the family in their bereavement. I am as mad as you are, but I must dilute my excitement with a little sense.

I got on speaking terms with the father at the Westgate Post Office, and we walked home together. He is lonely, and won't own it to the girls. They were in the garden as he stood at my gate. He is awfully proud of them. I think they were a wee bit interested in me. They kept well in sight all the time, but just out of range of an introduction. They are going to stay all the summer, and he hoped that I might not be hurrying away. This gave me a chance to mention you. I told him all about you, and that I should have my work cut out to make you stay in the place, as you were addicted to racing and theatres. He winced a bit at this, and I discovered later that he is a distinguished pillar of the Church. I was savage with myself; still, perhaps it is for the best, as it will warn you not to try to win his regard by offering to put him on a "good thing." If he thought you guilty of "readying" a horse for a handicap, he would not let you within the Rowley Mile of his girls. Must close now to catch post. Cheer up.—Always yours, ADRIAN HAMILTON.

Plas Taffydd, Snowdon.

DEAR HAMILTON,—How could you be such a howling ass as to mention horse-racing? It was just one of those times when the truth is damned unseasonable.

Mind you tell him I have outgrown the folly. There was no sense in going out of your way to bias the man against me. I hope your gratuitous garrulity didn't go to the length of telling him that I ride over fences in the winter.

I know you do things for the best, old chap, but it is quite bad enough to be a cripple physically, without having moral disfigurements added.

Send a letter by return or I'll have the postman shot.—Yours ever,
WILDOTES.

Sylvan Cottage, Birchington.

DEAR WILDOTES,—Don't get huffy. I have put matters straight, and told Sir Richard that you are so filled with virtuous remorse concerning gee-gees that you can't stand the sight of a towel-horse in your bed-room. Don't worry about the daughters thinking you a gambler. I always find that good girls are peculiarly attracted by refined rakishness. It is deuced funny, but absolutely true, that nice women prefer polished sinners to severe saints. Jolly good judgment on their part, eh?

I know Laura and Evaline personally now. It happened in this wise. Sir Richard usually stops at my gate on his walks, and he said the girls were dissatisfied with the garden, which had grown wild.

[Continued overleaf.]

DRESSES BY BOREAS (RUDE), BERLIN.



THE REAL "TUBE" FROCK: SKIRTS CRINOLINED BY THE DRAUGHT FROM AIR-SHAFTS
OF THE BERLIN UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

It is evident that the air-shafts of the Berlin Underground Railway are not altogether a boon and a blessing to women. Indeed, those who know the embarrassing moments that may follow the crossing of one of the gratings of the German capital's "tube" take good care to keep outside the danger zone.

Photographs by Sport and General.

I can just distinguish an arum-lily from a vegetable-marrows, so I promptly professed to know more about gardening than Adam, and volunteered my services. He was delighted, and said he didn't mind digging if he had another man to keep him in countenance. We start to-morrow, and I am off to Margate to get a few practical tips from a nurseryman.

I shall sit up half the night cramming myself with the "form" of flowers and the performances of bulbs!—Always yours,

ADRIAN HAMILTON.

Plas Taffydd, Snowdon.

DEAR HAMILTON,—You are a trump. Your letters do me more good than all Bromydd's physic. I knew you would work your way into the firing-line; but you have an intensely irritating habit of leaving off when my curiosity is boiling over. Straight, old chap, such excitement is not good for me.

I have switched Matilda's faculties on to gardening literature. I believe she thinks I am going crazy. I make her read the full names of the flowers. It is killing to hear her pronounce botanical Latin with a Welsh accent. She has a high-pitched mezzo-guttural voice that would confuse an echo.

I say, can't we buy some "Form-at-a-Glance to Horticulture," like they have for horses? I am fairly winded with the rose alone. There appear to be a hundred of her, all budding and blooming with discreditable irregularity at odd times of the year.

I don't believe you know a daisy from an orchid.

Young Nigger imagines I am writing this to amuse him. He ambushes himself in the blankets and then dashes out at the pen. We are great pals.

Hurry up with a letter.—Yours ever,

WILDOTES.

Sylvan Cottage, Birchington.

DEAR WILDOTES,—What funny things we will do for women. My back is in three sections, and I don't know which aches the most. I pity Adam; no wonder he succumbed to temptation! I think spade-work is enough to drive any man to cyder.

I flatter myself I made a decent impression, at least on Evaline, with whom Fate in some mysterious way united me at the start. At close quarters her hair is like a cloud of gold with ripples of light running through it. But her eyes, Wildotes! They are the latest thing in violets.

Laura may be handsomer in a dark, statuesque way; but give me Evaline now and for ever!

They are devoted to their dad. So am I. He is a ripping judge of a cigar, and has a fastidious palate in wine.

This is Elysium on lease, and I only wish you were here to enjoy it. Though the sun is simply scorching in the open, we are completely sheltered by fragrant foliage. The garden under my fostering care is growing lovely. There is a fountain playing in it; white doves flit across the flowers; and peacocks walk delicately in the shade of the laurel. How is that for an earthly paradise?

Always yours, ADRIAN HAMILTON.

Plas Taffydd, Snowdon.

DEAR HAMILTON,—Bravo! I feel as frisky as a colt. What do they say about me?

I am too sanguine and optimistic, perhaps, but I fancy I shall marry that girl. If you don't tell me all about her in your next letter, I shall go mad or swear at Matilda. She is a perfect nurse, according to Bromydd, because she obeys instructions like a soldier. He forgets that I do the unpleasant part of it. I never had so much severity administered to me in my life. I can't imagine a man falling in love with Matilda.

Nigger is scared of her since she caught him taking a sighting shot at the canary. I begged her not to punish him, and solemnly promised to teach the cat the elements of ethics so thoroughly that he would not offend again. Write by return. I am all impatience.—Yours ever,

WILDOTES.

Sylvan Cottage, Birchington.

DEAR WILDOTES,—I assure you I am doing my best with Laura. She has a bewitching style of beauty, but is difficult of approach. My idea is that she thinks so much of you that she dare not trust herself to speak. She asked about you this morning, and said it was "awfully sweet" of you to be so gone on that kitten. I improved the opportunity by giving her a biography of you from your first tooth to your last tumble. The Recording Angel must have wept or sent for assistance. I worked myself up till I got fairly tangled in your apocryphal virtues. I hate lying to a nice woman. The prospect of being bowled all over my moral wicket by a beautiful girl like Laura is not a pleasant one.

You want me to describe her—I am no hand at that sort of thing. Besides, she has so many charms that you might as well ask me to catalogue the fires of an opal. She is tall, and her features incline to the classical. The curve of her upper lip would have enchanted Phidias and those ancient Johnnies who knew what a woman's mouth should be like to make a man love her to distraction. Will that do to go on with?—Always yours,

ADRIAN HAMILTON.

Plas Taffydd, Snowdon.

DEAR HAMILTON,—I am getting on splendidly, thanks to your letters. The doctor thinks I shall be fit by the end of the week.

Have you told Laura that I am a trifle lame? I am beginning to funk the meeting with her. You see, I have been madly in love from the first. It strikes me she will want a lot of winning.

You seem to be too engrossed with Evaline to do much for me. Perhaps it is as well, as tact is not one of your conspicuous virtues.

You might give her the impression that my accident has made me serious and anxious to settle down. So it has. I shall be twenty-two next birthday. I am an hereditary legislator and ought to take my seat in the House of Lords and start a family.

Nigger is a beauty. I hate milk, and, when Matilda isn't looking, he polishes off my lot. He has an awful character in the house; from what she says, he is clearly not the sort of cat to be allowed a latchkey!

Write by return.—Ever yours,

WILDOTES.

Sylvan Cottage, Birchington.

DEAR WILDOTES,—I don't think you ought to take any risks. You should not come here too much of an invalid. Besides, it would upset everything. You could not go for long walks, for one thing; but perhaps your impertinence is equal to the notion that Laura would be deputed to look after you. She is not the sort of girl that dotes on amateur nursing. I had an experience of their misapplied zeal once when laid up with insomnia and insolvency mixed. The dear creature woke me out of a refreshing snooze to give me my sleeping-draught!

I am not in Laura's confidence, which is, to my thinking, a sign of tact. I have carefully avoided giving the slightest suspicion of your insane devotion. I suppose you don't want me to climb up your genealogical tree every day and throw down coronets at her? That would be tactless, if you like.

I admit being madly in love on my own account; but, at the same time, I am looking after your interests with the vigilance of a débutante's mother.

Don't excite yourself into a relapse.—Always yours,

ADRIAN HAMILTON.

Plas Taffydd, Snowdon.

DEAR HAMILTON,—It is all very well for you to talk, but I cannot stand the confinement any longer. I have ordered a *wagon-lit* for Nigger!

You will have to meet me at Westgate, as the express trains don't stop at Birchington. I will send you a wire when I reach London.

Dr. Bromydd is a brick; he has saved my life. I say, he paid you a pretty tall compliment. He assured me, on his honour, that your letters had done more for me than his skill, because they brightened me up and filled me with hope. I didn't tell the old boy that Hope's name is Laura!

Don't slack off because I am coming; let me hear as usual till the last.—Ever yours,

WILDOTES.

Plas Balsam, Snowdon.

DEAR MR. HAMILTON,—I think Lord Wildotes, subject to slight lameness, will soon be as fit as the proverbial fiddle. He is intensely eager to come to you, and there is no reason why he should not, if you will see that he does not overdo things for a day or two.

I must really thank you heartily for complying so cleverly with my request to divert his mind from his injuries. I have never seen any man so cheered by the letters of another man. You can congratulate yourself, on my certificate, that you have contributed in a very great measure to his quick recovery.—Believe me, very truly yours,

A. M. BROMYDD.

Sylvan Cottage, Birchington.

DEAR WILDOTES.—I had a fainting attack yesterday, and my local doctor says I have strained my heart cycling uphill lately, and must rest entirely. I don't believe him, and shall go up to-morrow to consult a Harley Street specialist.

Send me a wire when you leave Wales, and I will meet you at Paddington.

We can come down together in a few days, when I know my fate.—Always yours,

ADRIAN HAMILTON.

TELEGRAMS.

Lord Wildotes to Adrian Hamilton.—Am coming right through to Birchington. Awfully concerned about you. Cheer up.

Adrian Hamilton to Lord Wildotes.—Stop in town. I want to explain something.

Lord Wildotes to Adrian Hamilton.—Must come right through. All arrangements made. Leave explanatory letter if you can't wait. I can look after myself.

Sylvan Cottage, Birchington.

DEAR WILDOTES,—I suppose I am a coward. Anyway, I cannot face you at the moment, and therefore leave this note of explanation.

First read the enclosed letter, which Dr. Bromydd wrote to me when you were at death's door, begging me to do my utmost to stimulate your imagination in the direction of hope, and to divert your mind from your injuries.

I have carried out his suggestion with more success than I ever anticipated.

You see, I got scared about you. I had no time to think, so I went solid for women. I thought if anything would snatch you from the valley of the shadow it would be a pretty girl.

I brought you back by the primrose path of love to life and vigour. I don't know whether I am an angel or a villain; but I did it for the best and with no intention of playing a practical joke.

There is no Laura at Birchington, nor any Evaline. I concocted the whole romance, and the mental effort has turned my hair chinchilla.

It may be cheek on my part, but I feel that heaven has forgiven me; the point is, will you?—Always yours,

ADRIAN HAMILTON.

THE END.

THE INVENTION OF THE WIRELESS PIANO.



MRS. TINKER: Haven't you done yet, John?

MR. TINKER: No, my dear. It seems to be more complicated than I thought.

MRS. TINKER: Well, when you've quite finished, just come into the drawing-room, and see what you've done to the piano.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

BASE-BALL BY SEARCHLIGHT—WHY NOT CRICKET?



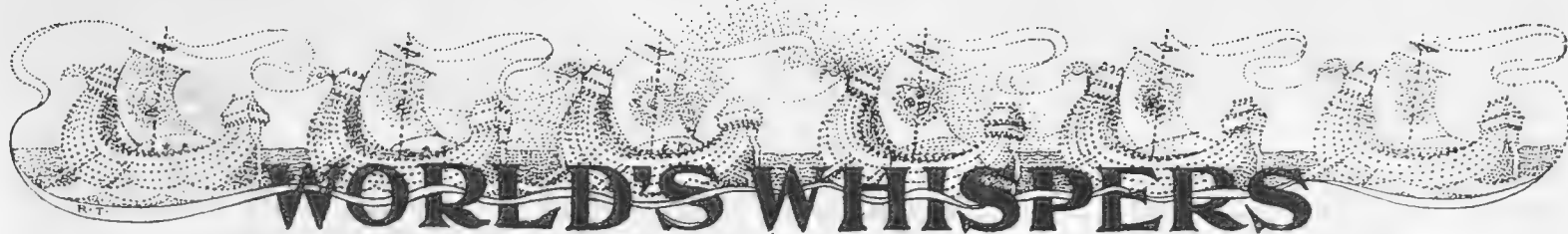
1. PLAYING BASE-BALL AT NIGHT AT THE NATIONAL LEAGUE BASE-BALL PARK AT CINCINNATI—THE GROUND ILLUMINATED BY POWERFUL LAMPS.

2. A HUNDRED-FOOT STEEL TOWER FITTED WITH A PAIR OF GREAT ARC LAMPS FOR THE ILLUMINATION OF THE BASE-BALL GROUND.

3. A TOWER FIXED ON THE ROOF OF THE GRAND STAND AND FITTED WITH POWERFUL LAMPS FOR THE ILLUMINATION OF THE GROUND.

4. MAKING NIGHT BASE-BALL POSSIBLE: ONE OF THE GREAT LAMPS AT THE CINCINNATI NATIONAL LEAGUE BASE-BALL PARK.

The first serious attempt to play base-ball at night by artificial light has been made at Cincinnati, and it is expected that, as a result, many games will take place at hours hitherto believed to be impossible. When our first photograph was taken only four of the fourteen lamps in use were alight. When all are going the park is as light as it is in the daytime. The lamps are arranged round the field, and ten of them are on 100-foot steel towers. Two lamps go to a tower, and behind each fielder is a pair of lamps. All are placed in such a manner that the light does not "blind" the players. Power is supplied by a 250-h.p. dynamo. In view of the success of this experiment, it will be interesting to see whether in the near future we find cricket and football being played at night in this country.—[Photographs by Schmidt]



WORLD'S WHISPERS

IN the speech of every day Lord Ashton's name sounds uncommonly like Lord Ashtown's, and when not long ago burglars broke into the manufacturing Baron's house at Lancaster, the locality's only excuse for its criminals was that they probably mistook him for the less popular hero of another house-breaking, and bursting, episode in Galway. The burglars took little away with them except an admiration for his industry; they called at 2 a.m. and found him burning midnight oil. That, perhaps, was a sign of the vitality which has characterised his long business career, and which made his marriage the other day not at all surprising

greatness is significantly shown by his having the right to a salute of seventeen guns. His Highness Blinpindra

years old, did not send him to England, as do so many of the Indian Princes; instead, he was educated at the Aitchison College for Chiefs, at Lahore, and while being an enthusiastic sportsman and an excellent linguist, he has remained typically Indian.

A Lady's Labels. Every woman is prepared to change her name once or twice in her life; one is taught to believe. But it is impossible not to sympathise with Lady Ripon, who complains to her friends that she is apt to get confused over her signatures. She began life as "Gladys Herbert";



FURNISHER OF LEGAL ASSISTANCE TO INDIAN WIDOWS: MISS CORNELIA SORABJI.

Miss Sorabji has been furnishing expert legal assistance, through the Bengal Court of Wards, to Indian widows and minors for five or six years past. She is much interested in educational movements. She graduated with honours at Bombay University; and later went to Somerville College, Oxford. She was awarded the Kaisar-i-Hind gold medal in the last Birthday Honours List.—[Photograph by Macnaghten.]

Singh is in earliest youth, for he will not be nineteen till October. His lamented father, who died when he was only nine



THE YOUNGEST OF LORD CRANBROOK'S THREE DAUGHTERS: LADY DOROTHY D'OYLY CARTE.

Lady Dorothy's marriage two years ago to Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte created an interesting link between the Peerage and the theatrical world. With her husband, she spends a great deal of her time at Eyot House, which quaintest of riverine residences is situated on an island near Weybridge.

Photograph by Thomson.

in his own circle. Lord Ashton, who is sixty-seven years of age, has been twice previously married, and his daughter is the wife of the Hon. William Peel, son and heir of Speaker Peel.

Soon Over. There is a story, Portman Square way, concerning a charming lady who is counted among the King's friends. She came to her doorstep expecting to find her awaiting car. It was not on the scene, and, being in a hurry to catch her train, she hailed a cab from the nearest stand, and chanced upon a cabby learned in the locality. "King's Cross," she said to him with petulant anxiety. "Lor' bless your little heart, Mum, he's never cross long," came the reply.

"Patiala, Punjab." The great Indian potentate who in books of reference contents himself with the brief address, "Patiala, Punjab," is chieftain of the premier State of the Punjab, and has practically limitless power over a million and a half human souls; while his



FRIEND OF "RANJIL" AND SO A CRICKETER: THE MAHARAJAH OF PATIALA.

The Maharajah rules over a million and a half souls. He will be nineteen in October.—[Photograph by Bouvine and Sheppard.]

A ROYAL DUCHESS WHO WAS DUMPED INTO THE SEA: THE DUCHESS MARIE ANTOINETTE OF MECKLENBURG.

The German papers contain accounts of a wheelbarrow race indulged in by the royal party at the summer resort Heiligen Damm, and tell how the Duchess Marie Antoinette of Mecklenburg, a cousin of the German Crown Princess, was pitched into the sea from the pier by the overturning of the wheelbarrow in which she was being trundled during the race.

Photograph by E.N.A.

then she became "Gladys Lonsdale"; then "Gladys de Grey"; and now she signs, when she remembers, "Gladys Ripon." Your handwriting is more influenced by the name you have to write than by anything else; and Lady Ripon's has shown itself sensitive to this influence; so that if character is expressed in "Hs" and "Ls" and "Gs" and "Rs," her character itself must, one argues, have varied with her varying name.

The Recording Courtier. Ladies-in-Waiting must not keep diaries, we are told, but what about a Lord who is very much at Court? A privately printed volume of impressions of life and livers has been the staple dish at recent house-parties; and if grouse prove scarce on the moors there will at least be game of another sort, and a book to read. His Lordship is the personification of loyalty, Empire, and many other weighty matters, and his popularity lends his Memoirs an interest that is almost unique.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Two-Year-Olds. Goodwood is not often blessed, as it was this year, with the presence of four such two-year-olds as Lemberg, Charles O'Malley, Admiral Hawke, and Neil Gow, each of which won so handsomely as to give rise to much partisanship. I have heard it claimed for each colt that it is the best of its age, and there is plenty of reason for such claims. My own idea on the subject is that Lemberg is the top-sawyer. But the book says, through Catrail, that Charles O'Malley is at least as good. It is purely a matter of opinion, and can only be settled by a meeting between the quartet. It is more than possible that this will come about at Doncaster, where all of them are engaged in the Champagne Stakes. Should they all throw down the gauntlet, it will



A BOAT OF WICKER AND PITCH, WITH A CARGO OF CHOPPED STRAW.

The photograph shows a Bagdadi boat, made of wicker-work covered with pitch, and carrying a load of chopped straw, being guided down stream near Bagdad.

Photograph by Bowden.

certainly be the champagne event of the year. Admiral Hawke is a somewhat sluggish animal, and requires to be kept at it, but there is no mistaking his class, and I should think he must have been unlucky at Sandown when trying to give away such a lot of weight in the race won by Neil Gow. The one great fault of Lord Rosebery's colt is that he is liable to be obstreperous at the post; but he is a rare goer. I hope nothing occurs to prevent a meeting between the four at Doncaster.

Cup Horses. Another race at Doncaster that generally attracts a deal of interest—that is, apart from the great event, the St. Leger—is the Cup. It may be that now The White Knight (who was singularly unlucky in this race), Radium, and Torpoint are at the stud there is no great Cup horse in training, but that remains to be proved. Mr. James de Rothschild's three-year-old Bomba won the Cup at Ascot in convincing style, and at Doncaster may have the opportunity of trying conclusions with such as Dark Ronald, the surprise horse of the year, Cargill, Lagos, Dean Swift, and Sir Harry, who, I am convinced, is a good one, granted strong pace. It was proved to demonstration more than once that The White Knight lost more than one cup through lack of adequate pace-making. Sir Harry has no stable companion to help him at Doncaster, but there is better chance of a good pace than at Goodwood. The surprise entry in the Doncaster Cup is General Stossel, who surely can have no pretensions to win this sort of race. There is no

reason, however, why Dean Swift should not wind up a brilliant year by winning. He always runs as though he can stay. What a popular win it would be!

St. Leger Outsider.

Lowry's chestnut, This colt has never known defeat, and he has put up four winning flags—two last year and two this. He began his public career at Leopardstown, where he won the Grand Prize, his nearest attendant being Golden Rod. This was certainly a tribute to the speed of Bachelor's Double, after what we saw of the other colt at Liverpool. His next outing was at the Curragh, where he won the Railway

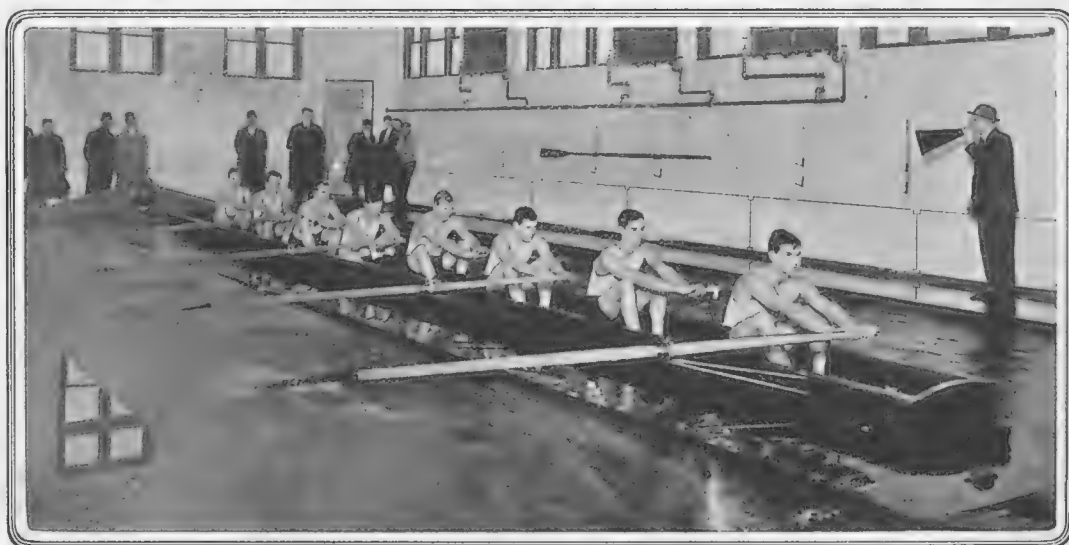
An Irish-bred colt that is spoken of as having a good outside chance in the St. Leger is Mr. Bachelor's Double, by Tredennis—Lady Bawn.



THE DIRECTOIRE BATHING-GOWN: FASHION BY THE DANUBE, IN VIENNA.

This photograph was taken at the famous bathing establishment on the Danube in Vienna.—[Photograph by Last.]

Stakes quite easily. This year he won a mile-and-a-half race at the Curragh late in June, and amongst the vanquished was Electric Boy. His other appearance on a racecourse was in His Majesty's Plate, a race of two miles, at the Curragh, when, with odds of three and a half to one betted on him, he won in the style of a really good stayer. Seeing, then, that he possesses both speed and stamina, he is well qualified to tackle our best colts and fillies in the last of the classics. Whether he is good enough to win is another matter entirely. Minoru is going on the right



AN EIGHT "RACING" IN A TANK: THE SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY CREW AT PRACTICE—URGED ON BY THE COACH WITH A MEGAPHONE.

Photograph by L. E. A.

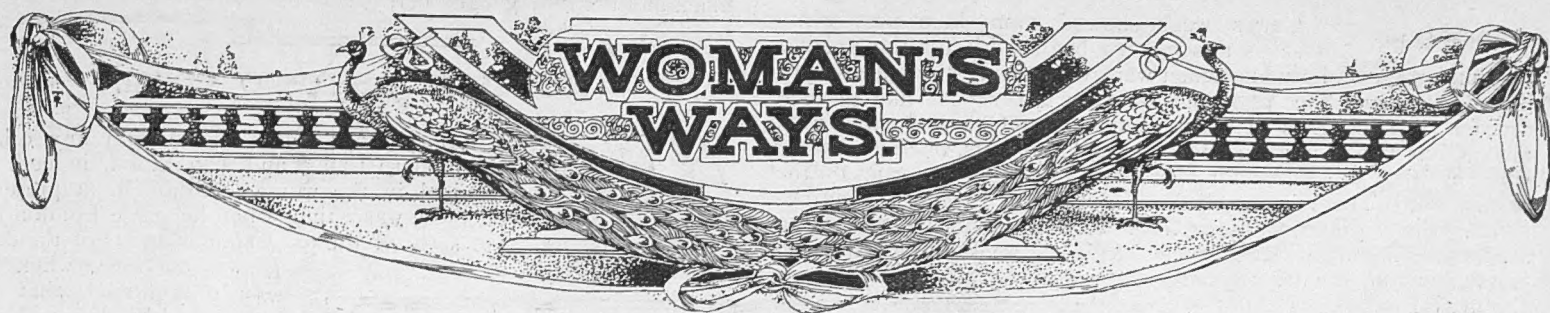
way, and Bayardo—ditto, and so long as these keep well, I shall not look beyond them. The presence of Bachelor's Double, however, will add to the interest of the race.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

If We had Furry Ears.

Supposing we humans had pointed, furry ears, and skipped about like the Green People in woodland spaces, it is quite certain we should not obtain in any other country on the face of the globe. For, if there is patronage, there is real good feeling. It is only in England, as Mr. Shaw has truly noted, that the poor are kind to the rich.

be far wiser than we are with our present limited aural appendages, which seem to be useless for hearing the things which matter. With brown ears we should be in touch with Nature, the great enchantress; we should have no serious occupation but that of keeping alight the fire of Life; we should know that wandering beggar-maids are happier than princesses in all their finery, and that the most foolish thing in all the world is to look into the Pool which reflects the doings of men. All this was set forth with rare literary charm by Mrs. Peake in her masque, "The Well in the Wood," and was played by village girls and boys, and one or two actresses, on a hill above the village of Boxford. The beautiful dances and lyrics of Francis and Geoffrey Tovey—with that spice of modernity which is of Paris rather than Dresden—added much to the indescribable charm of this Berkshire open-air play. Miss Ina Pelly's dance, "The Light of the Moon," had just that engaging touch of the grotesque which is so rare in English dancing. I am pleased to hear that the Boxford Masque is an annual event, and it would not be surprising if this theatre on a hill became a place of pilgrimage for London Intellectuals, for Americans "doing" their England with conscientiousness, for all who care for plays which make for beauty and have their special, elusive charm.

Look on This Picture—

Journeying about in England and in France, nothing strikes the Mere Woman more than the fact that in our islands—still ruled by an aristocratic oligarchy—the classes mix, and indeed are often on the most familiar terms; while in Republican France, rich and poor seem to touch at no single point. The other day I found myself in a hoary English village embosomed in green downs: beautiful beyond compare, and possessing the ugliest grown-up people and the palest children it would be possible to discover outside a London slum or a Lancashire factory. Here, nevertheless, the villagers live a peaceful, innocent life under the wing of a ducal park; the children, cloaked in brilliant blue from the ducal hand, receiving instruction in a picturesque school-house; their elders encouraged in flower and vegetable growing, in leaping hurdles, plain sewing, sack-racing, knitting, and such-like useful and hygienic accomplishments by means of an annual flower-show and sports. Here, at the stroke of five, arrives the ducal party from the Park: his Grace all interest and urbanity; her Grace a trifle bored; daughters, sons, and house-party with *figures de circonstance*. This is the moment of the day: high excitement reigns, hurdles are hastily put up by stout policemen to ward off the vulgar crowd, what time the Duchess hands a prize to every man, woman, and child in the vicinity, while the curate perspires with anxiety; and a hustling local matron, having

captured her Grace to walk across the lawn, is regarded by hundreds of eyes as no common mortal. It is a typically English scene, for the attitude of the various classes towards each other does not obtain in any other country on the face of the globe. For, if there is patronage, there is real good feeling. It is only in England, as Mr. Shaw has truly noted, that the poor are kind to the rich.

And on That!

The Normandy village—ugly enough—but set also among swelling green hills and radiant verdure, is dominated by no ducal family, nor are the inhabitants dependent on the Quality for largesse, cloaks, or amusements. Unless they are devout professing Catholics, *ces dames* from Paris who inhabit the neighbouring châteaux would take no manner of interest in their concerns. Nor, it must be admitted, do these thrifty and toiling peasant-farmers wish them to. The classes in France at the present day are more divided than they have ever been from the masses. The Normandy farmeress is more dependent on you and me than on any local benefactor. She is up early and late (all the farms, by-the-by, seem to be managed and "run" by these amazing Frenchwomen), looking after her cows and her chickens, her eggs and butter and fruit, most of which is despatched via Honfleur or Caen to the English ports. War in the Channel would spell ruin to the homesteads of Normandy. Their village fête is patronised by no great house, and all one day and night we dance, eat lollipops and pancakes, ride on merry-go-rounds, with no more exalted spectator than the Mayor (who in private life is a grocer) the curé, and the American family from the Manoir. The good old doctrine of self-help would seem to be the one most in favour in Normandy, except where the population has been made avaricious by the annual swarms of summer visitors.

The New German Woman.

Young Germania, it would seem, is by no means the plain hausfrau of our childhood; on the contrary, she is bursting out in all sorts of unexpected directions, trying to be as dressy and as extravagant as an American, as *raffinée* as a Frenchwoman, and as interested in literature, politics, and public life as a modern Englishwoman. In all the pictures of that national heroine, the Dorothea whom we connect with Hermann, this young person had flat shoes and ankles of quite an amazing thickness, a personal characteristic which we somehow associated with all the Teutonic domestic virtues. The new German girl has slim—or comparatively slim—feet, and wears shoes of the sauciest description; while her manners and love of amusement are on a par with her striking appearance. Travelling, the German woman of the upper classes affects English tailor-made clothes, stiff shirts and collars, plain straw or felt hats, and immaculate gloves, though it must be admitted that the middle-class German in Switzerland or Tyrol is too fond of tartan-plaid dresses edged with leather, and green felt hats (like those worn by that monarch who is known to French caricatuists as "Lui") to be described as well dressed.



[Copyright.]

A DINNER-GOWN FOR THE TRAVELLER.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-OUT-OF-TOWN.

Blue Skirts.

Cowes week showed more blue than white skirts this year to begin with, for the weather was uncertain and yachswomen were on cruising thoughts intent. The Queen and the Tsaritsa were very workwomen-like in blue serge and pea-jackets and sailor-hats. The Queen, by the way, always has two skirts built for her yachting-suits, one for wearing when cruising, the other for shore and for luncheon-parties on the royal yacht. There is very little width in her Majesty's yachting-skirts, which prevents them from blowing about. It was an aristocratic floating-village in the Roads last week, the English and Russian royal yachts, the Empress Eugénie's *Thistle*, the *Alexandra* royal yacht, with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, and Princess Patricia on board, the Duchess of Westminster and Mrs. Cornwallis-West on the *Grainiag*, the Countess of Scarborough's *Lady Turfrida*, Lord and Lady Leith of Fyvie and their daughter and son-in-law on the *Miranda*, and hosts of others.

Skipperesses.

There are a number of ladies who sail their own boats. The Duchess of Westminster has taken to sailing with the same whole-hearted enthusiasm that she gives to hunting. She was out often last week in her beautiful little boat, the *Sarais*. The Marchioness of Londonderry is another great lady who can handle the tiller with skill; the Countess of Albemarle and Lady Cynthia Colville are good steerswomen, and there are many more who can sail their own boats. This is never a very easy thing to do. In the Solent, during Cowes week, it is very difficult, requiring a cool head and a thorough knowledge of yacht-craft and sailing etiquette. Last week, owing to the war-ships and the number of royal visitors, it was more difficult than ever. Cowes Bay and the Roads were alive with busy, important-looking hissing and snorting steam and motor launches, as well as with an innumerable company of white wings.

The Woman Behind the Gun.

This week the grouse's quiet time is over: their lives are about to be endangered two or three days a week. There are some excellent women grouse-shots, as well as men. They remain in what the Irishman called the smallest minority, but what there are of them are good. A woman cannot afford to go mangling her birds. If she does, she loses her reputation as a shot and as a woman. Men have very little patience with one of their own sex who doesn't kill clean. With a woman they have none. It behoves such of us as would shoot on the moors to learn the business well, whether it is to be done from butts or over dogs. The latter is, I think, more difficult, for driven birds go at such a pace. Whatever way it is, a woman must walk a good deal. To do this in comfort, light, high-legged boots or shoes, with gaiters, are necessary. They must have broad treads and wide heels. On the foot-gear hangs the chief happiness of woman in the Highlands, whether she be a gun or an onlooker.

To Dine In.

The present style of dress is admirably adapted to the needs of travellers and yachswomen, because they pack into such small space. On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of a dinner-gown, very smart and

stylish, which would not weigh three pounds and would pack without injury into a nightie case. It is of flame-colour, the embroidery black and the tulle gauged berthe also black.

MONSIEUR ANTONIO CORSI.

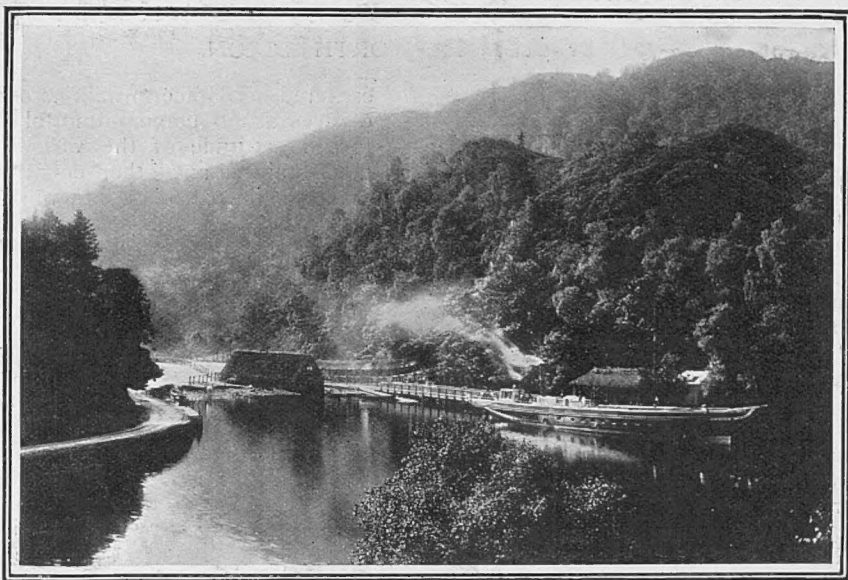
ANTONIO CORSI, is perhaps better known than any other male model of modern times, and can claim, indeed, to be the finest model in the world. Although, at present, he lives in New York, there was a time when he made London his headquarters and sat to some of the most famous artists of the day.

It was in 1884, when he was only fifteen, that he was seen by Felix Moscheles, who asked him to pose for him. With Moscheles he subsequently travelled through Europe, where he posed for many famous artists, like Gérôme and Bouguereau, before he returned to England, where he sat to Leighton, Holman Hunt, Edwin Abbey, Burne-Jones, Millais, Alma Tadema, Watts, and Sargent, while he also sat to the Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll), the late Empress Frederick of Germany, Baron Rosenkranz, Countess Gleichen, and the Prince of Denmark. He also posed for Alfred Gilbert for the statue which surmounts the Shaftesbury fountain in Piccadilly Circus. For the Princess Louise, he posed for the statue of Christ now in St. Paul's. By Lord Leighton

Corsi was used as the model for a statue in bronze as well as for all the male figures in "Hercules Struggling with Death for the Body of Alcestis," while in "The Phœnicians Bartering with Ancient Britons," in the Royal Exchange, he represented the man holding the skin and one of the buyers. For Sir Edwin Abbey he posed for seventy figures in "The Quest of the Holy Grail," now exhibited in Boston; while in Sargent's "Hosea," in the Boston Public Library, he posed for twenty figures. On one occasion, for Mr. Sargent, he sat for three hours and twenty-five minutes without a rest, a remarkable performance. For Burne-Jones he sat for "The Wheel of Fortune," "The Chant d'Amour," "The Rock of Doom," and "The Call of Perseus," while he was used for three figures by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema in "A Reading from Homer." For Watts he posed as "Sir Galahad," and his skill is sufficiently attested by the fact that, in a letter of recommendation from the great painter, he stated that Corsi was "an inspiration" and "a perfect model."

For scenery, facilities for fishing, boating, and a multitude of cheap day excursions by rail, coach, river and sea, Scotland is unrivalled. An excursion ticket can be obtained at King's Cross Station for a fare so low as 27s. for seven days, to 37s. for seventeen days to Edinburgh.

A great impetus has been given to the pursuit of stereoscopic photography by the Verascope camera, which has just been introduced into England. The results produced by the Verascope are excellent, and the definition is perfect. The compactness of the Verascope—it is no larger than a pair of field-glasses—should recommend it to all who want a camera which is easily carried and which can be quickly brought into use. The London house of the maker, Jules Richard, is at 23A, Albermarle Street, near Piccadilly.



A SCOTTISH BEAUTY SPOT REACHED BY THE G. N. R.: THE STEAMBOAT PIER ON LOCH KATRINE.

When in doubt as to where to go for the holidays, it is always safe to select bonny Scotland. That country is hard to beat, whether for scenery or for sport, and there is an unlimited number of cheap day excursions by rail, coach, river, and sea. It is easily accessible by the Great Northern.



BY THE BONNY BANKS OF LOCH KATRINE: THE WINDING ROAD.

Such a view as this is enough to make the lover of the beautiful in scenery make straight for King's Cross and book for Scotland. Excursion tickets to Edinburgh by the Great Northern are issued at such low fares as 27s. for seven days, and 37s. for seventeen days.

Photographs by the Photocrom Co.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 24.

MERELY MONEY.

AS a matter of fact, money does not count for much at the moment. We hasten to explain that this is simply from a Lombard Street standpoint. Money, to quote the hackneyed term, is a drug. Call it an opiate, if you like, a sleeping-draught, if you will. Its abundance should lull the Consol market into that profound sense of security whence springs the confidence that encourages purchases of the best gilt-edged stocks. The gentle rise in the Funds is welcome, in that it affects sympathetically all other investment markets round the House. We trust Consols will gain another point before they start again on the downward track.

HOME RAILWAY SPECULATIONS.

They *ought* to go better, these Home Railway stocks. Why? For one thing, because everybody says so. Then why doesn't everybody buy? For one thing, because they are afraid to. And another? Because, of course, people can get good 5 per cent. investments—of foreign Governments, for instance—that are quite as sound as Home Rails. But the latter do pay 5 per cent., surely? Take North-Easterns, as an example. The Company has increased its dividends, and will do so again at the end of the year. North-Easterns? Supposing the Company should pay another half per cent. for the second six months, as it has done for the first: the yield on the money will be $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Call that brilliant? Brum and Western and Middy hardly pay so much, allowing for possibilities of more dividend at the end of the present half-year. But suppose prices rise? There you score. If prices rise, of course Home Rails will pay you well at the present prices; but if they don't—And what's to make them? Cheap money, good traffics, economies, closer working arrangements. All excellent in their way, but—Pessimist! Still, even you cannot deny the attractions of South-Western Deferred stock in the light of a closer union of the Company with the Great Western. Bound to come sooner or later. And perhaps Brighton Deferred is cheap. Little Chatham and Dover "A" are dear? There you talk something like sense.

ANIMATED YANKEES.

It is written on the wall, or on the Wall Street, that Yankees are to be better. There's a something about the market which absolutely refuses to allow the idea of any real fall. The silly stories about Unions, which are used as excuses for hoisting the shares, in imagination, to 300, are too far-fetched for words: we have no patience with such rubbish. But of the certainty of further improvement we are convinced, as far as one can feel conviction concerning such a volatile collection of shares. The lower-priced varieties are good gambling fun. Wabash Common for a five-dollar rise, Little Eries for the same: good purchases these, both of them. As gambles, of course. Then there are Chesapeake. They have risen since we tipped them here: they have further to go up still.

GRAND TRUNKS.

The substantial advance that Grand Trunks have lately made owed its immediate inspiration to dividend prospects, all speculation as to which will be set at rest next Friday. Whatever the announcement may turn out to be, however, a far more important interest attaches to the crop prospects, and the position to-day in the Dominion. A personal friend, lately returned from Vancouver, is inclined to view with some dismay the expenditure that has yet to be incurred in connection with the Grand Trunk Pacific. He reports, nevertheless, very favourably about the crops, and his observations are supplemented by these remarks in a letter we have just received from a settler in Saskatchewan, who has unusual opportunities for learning the general conditions of the country—

CANADIAN CROP PROSPECTS.

As to things in general, the crop outlook is at present very rosy. Notwithstanding the lateness of the spring the grain is much farther advanced than at this time last year, due to very favourable weather. A bumper crop is everywhere prophesied. If such a desirable consummation comes to pass, these newer Western provinces will gain a strong footing on the ladder of prosperity, and that slackness which is now the prevailing complaint will disappear as quickly as a snowball in the infernal regions. The effect of a good crop on the whole country has to be seen to be realised and appreciated. To some of the newer settlers this is a last means of salvation from utter ruin. Three lean years have put many farmers out of business and have brought many more to the edge of the pit for the burial of hope; but just one year of plenty will furnish the wherewithal for a fresh start. Of course, this state of affairs only exists where the country is newly settled. In the Eastern provinces and British Columbia old-established farmers are too firmly rooted to be affected to any great degree by the blight of bad harvest. One thing, however, is worth noticing, and that is the general acreage under crop this year is less than last year, so that a much higher yield per acre will have to be made to reach the aggregate of last season. When Canadian Railway stocks are being talked higher on crop prospects, it might be worth while pointing this out, otherwise the public will be misled into anticipating an enormous increase. The cause of the decreased acreage under cultivation is the before-mentioned late spring which made it highly problematical as to whether there would be sufficient time for grain to ripen before the advent of early frosts.

It may be added that the market looks for bumper traffics in October, and if these anticipations are realised, we may see a lively rise in Trunks this fall.

KAFFIETTES.

The Wolluter Gold Mines is expected to re-enter the dividend list in October next. The shares are of £4 each, and stand at $4\frac{3}{4}$. The Company has been doing very well and making really good profits. We leave it at that.

People who ought to know are firm in their confidence that Chartered will go to 40s. before long. It is by no means impossible.

A rank gambling tip. Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia, at about 5s. 6d. for Special Settlement. They stand quite a good chance for half a sovereign.

Apex have been unduly depressed by the new issue. The express rate at which the price moves when it gets going is one attraction which endears Apex to the heart of the speculative investor.

City Deep is talked up to £5 within the next month or two. They may touch the price, but they're not worth it.

If we wanted to put money on a sporting chance in the Rhodesian market, Globe and Phoenix would be our choice. They are capital things to buy about 3; as a risk, of course.

IN THE JUNGLE.

Several of the principal people connected with the Jungle market are now away, and the call of The Twelfth will take yet others. Were it not for this, we might see a fresh recovery in West Africans, because the folks at the back of the market are set upon having prices up higher. Besides the amalgamation schemes that have already been made public, there are others on the stocks, awaiting their turn, which will come after the present batch are satisfactorily arranged. The West African market now has the command of a good deal of money—a thing it has never before been blessed with in the course of its chequered career. That the market is intended to "go," there can be no doubt, and in the autumn we look for a further revival. Wassau shares are reasonably cheap to buy, but Agencys should be discarded in favour of Amalgamated. There is more rise due to Ashanti Gold Fields; and the market all the way round is not at all a bad one.

RUBBERING.

The swift slump which overtook the rubber market was a none too pleasant reminder of the danger which one experiences when dealing in a comparatively new market. Prices had been rushed up to heights which in time to come may prove justifiable enough, but seeing how exalted is the altitude attained by rubber itself, the prospect of an early decline must certainly be faced. Mincing Lane is none too robust a bull, and immediately anything happens to unsettle men's minds in that quarter, out come the sellers, tumbling over one another in their haste to secure profits while they can. The buying of rubber shares has been rather too much of the Tom-Dick-and-Harry order, and a shake-out of the weaker element will do no permanent harm to the market. Those who are tempted to buy shares on the fall will probably make money by following their inclinations, but they must not shut their eyes to the fact that rubber is exceedingly high in price, and that a setback may therefore come about, a setback which would naturally find rapid reflection in the prices of rubber companies' shares.

Saturday, August 7, 1909.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

ANSER.—Very difficult to know what to do, but we should be inclined rather to buy a few more to average than to sell now.

H. P. A.—Should advise you to give the concern a very wide berth.

F. C. P.—The Hovis shares we think you might keep.

E. S. R.—The Vallambrosa Company has paid 1s. 11d., Pataling 6d., Selangor 1s., and Bertram 10d. this year. The money would be well spread over these.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Kempton Second Summer Meeting is about the quietest of the series held there in the course of the year, but the sport is always good. Some of the following may win: Greenwood Handicap, Adversary; Bedfont Plate, Amore; International Plate, Charles O'Malley; Princess Plate, Twelvebore; Devonshire Plate, Sunflower II.; Round Course Handicap, Premier. At Redcar the Coatham Handicap may go to Cyclops Too; the Upleatham Welter to Promontory; the 32nd Kirkleatham Biennial to Holiday House; the Redcar Two-Year-Old Stakes to Calluna; the 33rd Biennial to Wild Gorse; the Redcar Handicap to Rhinefield; the Zetland Handicap to Promontory; the Breeders' Foal Stakes to Phaleron; the Wilton Plate to Foxhunt. At Windsor Raytoi may win the Castle Handicap and Balnacoll the August Handicap.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Mrs. Gramercy-Park."

By A. R. GORING-THOMAS.
(*The Bodley Head.*)

The siege of London by the American widow is not a particularly novel topic, but Mr. A. R. Goring-Thomas works it out entertainingly in "Mrs. Gramercy-Park." It is quite time, though, that the smart set were left alone. Their antics, as presented in light fiction, may amuse the writer and themselves, but to the outside public they have been withered by much repetition. It is no longer possible to raise even a weary smile at the description of a Lady Muriel catching muffins in her mouth, and a whole chapter full of this gamesomeness leaves one cold. Mrs. Park herself, the epistolary heroine, is worth a castleful of British aristocrats, from the reader's point of view. She is businesslike: she has come to find an aristocratic husband, and her attitude is best intimated in the immortal language of Lalage Potts—

He may fuss around and make a stir,
But I guess that wedding is going to occur—

only, unhappily, in Mrs. Gramercy-Park's case, it didn't. It was a piece of rank-bad luck for her; but there was a spice of bad judgment in it too. The enterprising lady was not quite as clever at estimating the characters of her associates as she was in "arriving" in the society of dukes and duchesses. Her worst break was over her friend and companion, Mouse Turton, a mild New England virgin whom she brought with her, and then neglected for the obvious joys of London. Mouse had made friends with an Englishman on board the steamer, and he learnt, under the schooling of adversity, to love her. They were married, and lo! he blossomed into a Duke the very next minute. It was very hard on Adèle Gramercy-Park, and the moral (which is not what the average person would be looking for in this frivolous novel) is neatly tagged to the closing chapter. "Mrs. Gramercy-Park" ought to make capital holiday reading.

"Multitude and Solitude."

By JOHN MASEFIELD.
(*Grant Richards.*)

The seriousness of "Multitude and Solitude" will probably prevent its attaining any high degree of popularity. People do not want to read of the prolonged mental and physical travail of a man groping towards his right place in the eternal scheme of things, not, at any rate, when it is written with the accuracy that Mr. John Masefield exhibits. He strikes the modern note—which is, of course, as old as the preacher and the hills: the feebleness of human endeavour, the darkling ways of nature, the stubborn fight of evil for supremacy. He writes of these things finely, with no cheap

effects, no limelight on his hero, with a wonderful grip of his purpose. It is a tremendous story, told with a tremendous earnestness. To begin with, Roger Naldrett, the writer, comes out of the failure of his play, face to face with the death of the woman he loves. It is not given to us to meet Ottalie. Roger misses her at what would have been their last meeting; and so we miss her too. Her influence has permeated his life: it continues to direct it. He goes to the Congo, to help a friend in investigating the sleeping sickness, and for reasons which must be quoted here—

I want [he says] to be quite sure of certain elements in myself before I settle down to a literary life. . . . A man writes because he has read, or because he is idle, or greedy, or vicious, or vain, or for a dozen different reasons; but very seldom because his life has been turned inward by the discipline of action, thought, or suffering. . . . I begin to think that a writer without character, without high and austere character, in himself, and in the written image of himself, is a panderer, a bawd, a seller of Christ.

Roger Naldrett is not spared the dregs of anguish before he wins his friend back to life. The description of the village stricken with sleeping-sickness is haunting in its realism. The two men return with their bare lives, and Roger with prayer in his heart—prayer and a renewed courage. So ends the book. It is a better sermon than you are likely to hear in a hundred churches.

"Harm's Way."

By LLOYD OSBOURNE.
(*Mills and Boon.*)

Mr. Lloyd Osbourne's American novels are very good light fiction, and we think he has never done anything better than "Harm's Way," although both the title and the opening leave a good deal to be desired. It is impossible, at least on this side of the herring-pond, not to be more or less prejudiced against a young woman who engages and disengages herself in Miss Phyllis Ladd's airy way. She was less fickle than inordinately self-assured, and that she was guilty of selfishness in a really shocking degree seems to have occurred to nobody but her jilted lovers. Poetic justice looms a little further on, when she falls passionately in love with a wandering actor who called himself Cyril Adair and lived up to the part. It really looked as if Miss Phyllis had caught a Tartar, and so she had, only all things are possible to American womanhood, the taming of Tartars, of course, included. Adair was a sensual, raffish scamp when Phyllis made her first advances to him, and marriage was not his original intention when he invited her to join him on tour. Such, however, is the power of innocence that Adair quailed at his own infamy, and Phyllis was saved—in a scene remarkably well written, though this is by the way. The rest of the book tells the story of their struggle towards prosperity, of the resuscitation of Adair's better self, and the development of the genius latent in him. It is crisp and animated, and Phyllis develops an attraction that we, personally, hardly hoped for at the beginning.



LIFEBUOY SOAP

is out to save life and has a two-fold power of so doing. It saves by Cleanliness and by **DISINFECTING ALL IT CLEANS.** Don't wait till the home is wrecked by disease, but remember that "PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE," and that Lifebuoy Soap is more than Soap yet costs no more.

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G.E.R.